

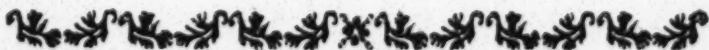


T H E

Life and Adventures

O F

COMMON SENSE, &c.





THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
COMMON SENSE.
—
A N
HISTORICAL ALLEGORY.

Veluti in Speculum.

THE THIRD EDITION.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED FOR R. MONCRIEFFE IN CAPLE-
STREET. MDCCLXXI.



Advertisement.

THE Author having been asked by a Friend, *to what great Personage he intended to dedicate his Book?* answered,

To the P U B L I C.

At that grand Tribunal, from whose Sentence there can be no Appeal, he willingly submits to be tried. And, as the Candour and Justice of that Court, has never yet been impeached; he shall most patiently acquiesce to their Judication, whether he is acquitted or condemned.

1850-1851

1852-1853

1854-1855

1856-1857

1858-1859

1860-1861

1862-1863

1864-1865

1866-1867

1868-1869

1870-1871

1872-1873

1874-1875

1876-1877

1878-1879

1880-1881

1882-1883

1884-1885

1886-1887



T H E
LIFE and ADVENTURES
O F
COMMON SENSE.
B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

I T has hitherto been so usual for Biographers to give some Account of the Ancestors (at least as far back as the great Grandfather) of the Person whose History they are about to publish, that I fear the Reader will think it an unpardonable Fault in an Author who sits down to write his own Life and Adventures, without knowing with Certainty, any thing more of the Pedigree of his Family than the immediate Parents that produc'd him.

In Excuse for such Defect, in a Work of this Kind, I shall give two Reasons; the first is, that the traditional Account of our Family seems to myself so very improbable, that I would not attempt

tempt to impose upon others. The second, that tho' the good natured Part of the World might credit it, yet I should make myself liable to the Charge of Vanity and Ostentation by relating it. A Reflection of all others, I have principally endeavour'd to avoid.

Let it suffice then, that I was born at *Athens*, much about the Time of that memorable Contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva* for the naming of this City, in which the latter prevailed. My Mother whose Name was TRUTH, had been betroth'd the Year before to a Person of singular Gravity and Distinction, whose Name was WISDOM; but it so happened, or rather was so contrived, that a vain young Fellow, who had long paid his Addresses to my Mother unsuccessfully, lay in wait for WISDOM on his return Home in the Evening before the Day of their intended Nuptials; tripped up his Heels and confined him in a Cellar, where he was found the next Day, when he had the Mortification to hear that his Mistress was married to his Rival WIT, who had deceived her and the Company present, by assuming the Air and Deportment of WISDOM. The Confusion, Amazement and Distraction of my Mother, upon the Discovery of this most horrible Cheat, may be more easily conceived than described, and I know not what might have been the Consequence, if my Father had not, by a singular Presence of Mind, which indeed never fail'd him, instantly mitigated the first Transports of her Passion. 'Madam,' cried he, upon his Knees before her, 'behold the most
' miserable of all human Beings,—miserable by
' making you so, but still more wretched in hav-
' ing perpetrated this most horrid Crime against
' my own Inclination—believe me, Madam, how-
' ever paradoxical it may appear to you, I never
' loved you! but hurried on by an unaccountable
' hidden

‘ hidden Impulse, which I must call divine, I
 ‘ have been driven to commit an Act my Nature
 ‘ shudders at—this is surely the Work of the
 ‘ Gods, who would not suffer WISDOM to
 ‘ be wedded to TRUTH, lest the Offspring of
 ‘ such a Conjunction might prove to be more
 ‘ than mortal, and excite Envy and Distraction
 ‘ throughout the Inhabitants of this Earth ;’

When He had done speaking, the Chiefs and Elders of the City, among whom my Father had many Friends, surrounded my Mother, and having by their great Eloquence and Authority, convinced her that the young Man was really inspired, and that the Gods must be obeyed ; she bowed and became reconciled to her Fate.

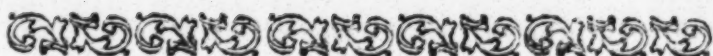


C H A P. II.

BUT tho' the good Disposition of my Mother, and the Reverence and great Respect which she constantly paid to all religious Ceremonies, had induced her to receive, without murmuring, this young Man for her Husband ; yet it was not likely that any true conjugal Felicity could possibly subsist between two Persons so extremely opposite in their Natures, and different in their Principles ; for my Father, who, as before has been hinted, was extravagantly vain, and fond of Flattery would frequently pervert the plain Meaning of Things, and even calumniate my Mother herself, in order to acquire the Reputation of being what he called clever. This Passion for Admiration frequently carried him into bad
 A 5 Company,

Company, where the Needy and Profligate expected always to be entertained by him, as a Reward for their noisy Applause and empty Approbation of his Conduct.

This kind of dissipated Life, which very soon impaired his Health and impoverished his Fortune, began to grow exceedingly irksome to my Mother; and tho' she was naturally easy in her Temper and patient under Afflictions, yet she could not help, at Times, remonstrating against his preposterous Behaviour; in doing which, she seldom minced the Matter, but spoke her real Sentiments without any Equivocation or Disguise. It must be acknowledged however that this Sort of ingenious Reprimand must be infinitely provoking to a Man, who had been flattered into a Belief that those very Actions my Mother so much inveighed against, were the most brilliant Actions of his Life. In short, each Day furnished new Matter for fresh Strife and Animosity, and the domestic Altercation growing too loud to be concealed within the Walls of their own House, the whole City rung of it. My Father and my Mother were then obliged to submit their Cause to the Public, and each implored the Protection of their Fellow Citizens, but with very unequal Success—My Father's Story being tricked up with all the Art and Elegance of Oratory, made my Mother's plain Tale, appear cold and uninteresting—My Father was justified and cleared by the very first People of every Charge that had been alledged against him—whilst my poor Mother durst not shew her Face abroad for some Time afterwards—By this Means my Father obtained a Divorce, according to the Forms of Law in that Country, a few Months before I made my Appearance into the World.



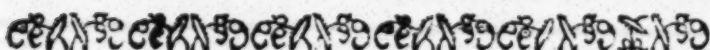
C H A P. III.

I HAVE said in the foregoing Chapter that my Mother durst not shew her Face abroad for some Time, fearing that she might be insulted by the Populace, who had been violently incensed against her, by the cruel Insinuations of my Father—Notwithstanding this very disagreeable Situation, she kept up her Spirits, and comforted herself with the Hopes that she should sooner or later regain her former good Character, and triumph over all her Enemies—She was not deceived; for Providence that directs all Things to their right End, very soon brought about and accomplished her utmost Wishes; and that by a Means the most agreeable in the World to my Mother—It seems, that, on the very Day of my Mother's unhappy Marriage, WISDOM set out upon a Tour thro' *Egypt*, as well to divert and shake off his Mind, that Chagrin and Melancholy which so severe a Disappointment must have occasioned, as to avoid the Sneers and Scoffs he might naturally expect from an infatuated Multitude.

The News of my Father's Divorce had no sooner reached *Egypt*, than WISDOM set out upon his Return to *Athens*; where he arrived on the Day, and, as I have been told, almost at the very Moment of my Birth. Decency, of which WISDOM was a strict Observer, obliged him to decline his intended Visit to my Mother,

Mother, until that Time, which Custom had prescribed and the most intimate Friends had never ventured to violate, was elapsed.

It will be proper here to mention, that before his entering the City, he had disguised his Person in such a Manner, as not to be discovered by the most accurate Observer ; and therefore passed unnoticed to his own House ; where he was informed by his trusty female Domestic PRUDENCE, of the Situation my Mother was then in, and that my Father had declared him (WISDOM) dead ; and of which he had given a most entertaining and circumstantial Account. WISDOM, who was not at all disconcerted or surprized by the Manœuvres of *Wit*, determined to remain quiet and secret at Home till he had an Interview with my Mother ; which happened, as will be seen in the following Chapter.



C H A P. IV.

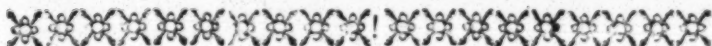
THOUGH WISDOM's Return was intirely unknown to the People of *Athens*, yet PRUDENCE, with whom my Mother had kept up a constant Correspondence during his Absence, had given her the earliest Information of his Arrival, and his Intention of renewing his former Intimacy. Nothing could be more cordially received by my Mother than this News, nor did Father TIME, who always lingers with the absent and flies with the present Lover, ever in

in her Opinion, limp along so slowly as upon this Occasion ; at length, however, this dreary Month expired, and the long-expected Visitor appeared. —Here, gentle Reader, stop for a Moment, and figure to yourself, if you can, the first Emotions of the Mind, which such an Interview, between two such Persons, must excite—guess likewise, if you can, at my Mother's delicate Feelings, thus circumstanced, and in her weak State so unable to support it, and then forbear, if thou can'st, to commiserate the unhappy Situation of so amiable a Couple.

As all Description must fall far short of what the sensible Reader will suggest to himself upon these tender Trials of our Humanity ; I will beg Leave to throw a Veil over their present Sufferings, and come to that Point of Time wherein WISDOM found it absolutely necessary to break this dreadful Silence ; who, qualified, as he was supposed to be, for the most arduous Undertakings, found Occasion for all his Fortitude and Philosophy to collect and support himself in this. Suppose then my Mother recovering from that Trance-like State, in which she had remained for some Minutes, opening her Eyes, and WISDOM his Mouth, who addresses her in the following Words,

‘ Madam, I rejoice extremely to see those Eyes
 ‘ opened, which I greatly feared were closed for
 ‘ ever.—Let me conjure you to be comforted,—
 ‘ be assured, that, if my sincerest Regard and
 ‘ Esteem can contribute to your Happiness, you
 ‘ have it,—you always had it,—even from the
 ‘ earliest Dawn of Reason, I contemplated your
 ‘ Virtue, and was never perfectly easy when I
 ‘ lost Sight of you.—Yes, Madam, though the
 ‘ Gods have not permitted us the Happiness of
 ‘ being joined together by the sacred Ties of Ma-
 ‘ trimony,

‘ trimony, yet, by those Gods I swear, to pre-
 ‘ serve an eternal Friendship for you and your
 ‘ Posterity ; and, as an immediate Earnest of
 ‘ my future Intentions, I beg you will permit me
 ‘ to adopt, from this Moment, the Infant Child
 ‘ you have been so lately delivered of ; who,
 ‘ though he be the Son of my mortal Foe, is still
 ‘ the Off-spring of my Favourite TRUTH.’



C H A P. V.

WHEN WISDOM had done speaking, my Mother, with a Countenance full of Content, and adorned with an in-effable Smile of Approbation and Gratitude, inclined her Body gently and said, ‘ can you forgive me, good Sir !
 ‘ loaded as I am already with Obligations to you ;
 ‘ if I wish to add to them by begging you would
 ‘ suffer your Maid PRUDENCE, whom I know
 ‘ you do not chuse to part with, to nurse and
 ‘ educate my Child, in order to make him more
 ‘ worthy of your Notice and Esteem.’—WISDOM having had this in Contemplation before my Mother mentioned it, granted her Request without the least Hesitation.

These principal Points being settled to the entire Satisfaction of both Parties ; the next material Object of their Consideration, was the Re-establishment of my Mother’s Character, a Thing, they imagined, not so easily accomplished, when they considered, how vilely her Conduct had been mis-represented by my Father and his Adherents. — In a Matter of such Consequence, it was thought proper

proper to have a Consultation with their best Friends and nearest Relations ; among the latter, was a Cousin-German of WISDOM's,—a Person possessed of quick Parts and a lively Imagination ; fruitful in Expedients, and rapid in the Execution of every Project which a Redundancy of Ideas never failed to supply.---He was indeed, rather negligent of his own Family Affairs, but was very willing and ready to settle those of others.—He had an excellent Knack at reconciling Paradoxes, and had a great Contempt for all Things that wanted no Explanation.

This Gentleman, whose Name was GENIUS, intruded himself into the Consultation, and tho' his Opinion was not asked, he was the first to give it,—which he did in the following Manner.

' It gives me an in-expressible Pleasure, my good Friends, at this critical Conjunction, when I find you so embarrassed, that I should thus fortunately happen to fall in amongst you. —It has been the Business of my Life to serve Mankind by rectifying Mistakes, clearing up perplexed Points, banishing Error, and conciliating the most inveterate Differences betwixt Man and Man. I shall therefore proceed to give my Advice in this Affair, without further Ceremony.--My Opinion then is, that this Lady should not at first venture to stir out of her own House without a Mask, for.'—For what ? interrupted my Mother, with so stern a Countenance, that GENIUS with all his Effrontery, was, for a few Moments, struck dumb.



C H A P. VI.

‘ **M** A D A M, resumed G E N I U S, permit
 ‘ me only to give my Sentiments freely
 ‘ and without Interruption ; then blame me if
 ‘ you can. In the first Place, I take it for grant-
 ‘ ed that your going abroad for the Air, is a
 ‘ Thing absolutely necessary on Account of your
 ‘ Health. I suppose it is needless to tell you
 ‘ that I am an old and intimate Acquaintance of
 ‘ your late Husband---that I am very frequently
 ‘ with him, and that he seldom does any Thing
 ‘ of Moment, without consulting me ; be assur’d
 ‘ then, Madam, that he bears you no good Will
 ‘ ---that he has Designs against you, and that he
 ‘ is at this very Instant meditating-----but the
 ‘ Rules of Friendship forbid a plainer Discovery ;
 ‘ I think I have already said enough to prove,
 ‘ that, without some Overtures for an Accom-
 ‘ modation, it would not be safe for you to ven-
 ‘ ture Abroad without a Mask.’

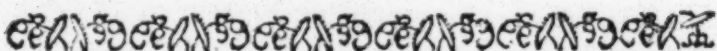
At the Repetition of the Word Mask, my Mo-
 ther’s Colour went and came ; which WISDOM
 perceived ; and looking upon his Kinsman as
 little better than a Spy amongst them, accosted
 him thus: ‘ We were sufficiently acquainted, Sir,
 ‘ with the evil Intentions of your Friend towards
 ‘ this Lady, before we had the Pleasure of seeing
 ‘ you ; therefore cannot think ourselves obliged
 ‘ to you for your Information---your Method for
 ‘ defeating his Intentions, is certainly the most
 ‘ effectual Way of carrying them into Execution ;

‘ for

‘ for Nothing can be a stronger Mark of Guilt
 ‘ than Disguise, of which your Friend would
 ‘ presently avail himself---your Proposal of an
 ‘ Accommodation, we reject with Scorn----in
 ‘ short we are sorry you have given yourself and
 ‘ us so much Trouble, to so little Purpose---I
 ‘ have but one Word more to say, which I hope
 ‘ you will always remember ; that Advice un-
 ‘ asked, is always ill received.’

GENIUS finding that the Duplicity of his Behaviour had discovered the Trap which he was about to lay for my Mother ; thought it was high Time to depart ; which he did immediately, but with a counterfeited Air of Satisfaction. He flew directly to my Father, who was waiting with Impatience for his Return, and very anxious to know the Result of his Embassy. He did not wait long for it.—GENIUS without sitting down, and half out of Breath as he was with running thither, very soon communicated the Whole that had passed at my Mother’s House, and indeed a good Deal more, for having a violent Propensity to Talking, and a great Facility in his Delivery ; he could seldom confine his Narration within the narrow Limits of a plain Matter of Fact ; so in this Place, he dwelt much upon the fine Things he had said of my Father ; and the many Arguments he had used to bring about a Reconciliation ; without hinting a Syllable that he had betrayed him, by declaring his evil Intentions against my Mother ; a Circumstance of all others that he was charged not to mention a Tittle of. For my Father finding, by this Time, that my Mother and her Friends began to gain Ground of him in the Opinion of the World, wish’d for Nothing more earnestly than the Appearance, at least, of being upon good Terms with her. This Expectation he saw intirely frustrated by the Indiscretion

tion of GENIUS, whom he found WISDOM had been too many for.



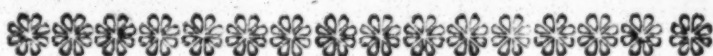
C H A P. VII.

IN this Chapter, before I proceed any further, Methinks, it will not be improper to obviate an Objection which the sagacious Reader may naturally enough make to the Probability of this Part of my History.

‘ How is it possible, says the Critic, that a Person should be able to give an Account of the Transactions which happened in his Family forty Years before, and at the Time he was an Infant of a Month old—I say forty Years before ; for surely he could not be less when he began to write his own Life—I will allow you, that, after he grew up, he might have been informed of all the material Occurrences, and perhaps some private Anecdotes of his Family and Friends—but he is not content with that, truly, but has the Assurance to give you every minute Circumstance——every Conversation, even to the very Words of the Speaker, that passed upon such and such Occasions——ridiculous—absurd to the greatest Degree.’

In Answer to this heavy Charge brought against me, I must beg leave to remind the Reader, that WISDOM’s Maid PRUDENCE, was assigned to me as my Nurse. She was a very good Sort of Woman, and was remarkable for being the first Female who ever kept a regular

lar Diary of her own Actions, and of those with whom she was connected. Many Ladies since have attempted it, but their Registers never exceeded a Fortnight—God knows why—P R U DENCE continued her's to the Day of her Death—my Mother contributed every Thing in her Power to make it interesting—and I am only the faithful Transcriber of their Memoirs.



C H A P. VIII.

I LEFT my Father in the sixth Chapter, very much chagrin'd and out of Humour, with his Friend G E N I U S. He found upon cross-examining him, that, instead of conciliating Matters, he had made the Breach much wider than ever. And as my Father had been frequently deceived and drawn into Scrapes by him upon former Occasions, he could not help reproaching himself for having trusted him again in this. However, notwithstanding the Dilemma he was then in, and the Difficulty he foresaw of ever gaining Credit with my Mother ; he was still determined not to give it up without making one other Effort ; and therefore resolved upon writing my Mother the following Letter.

‘ Madam,

‘ I F a Confession of One's Crime be the first
 ‘ Step towards an Amendment, and Repentance
 ‘ the sacred Road to Forgiveness ; I here solemn-
 ‘ ly declare the Former, and I strongly feel the
 ‘ Latter.—My Crime, Madam, is of the worst
 ‘ Complexion, by being committed against the
 ‘ best

‘ best Woman in the World.—If you give any
 ‘ Credit to my Friend, (whom I must now call
 ‘ my *Evil GENIUS*,) I fear you will doubt
 ‘ every Thing that comes from me. And yet
 ‘ should I ever deviate from the Professions I am
 ‘ about to make ; this Paper will be a confound-
 ‘ ing Testimony against me ; as it is meant to
 ‘ avow, that my future Life shall be employed to
 ‘ pay the Price of your present Pardon. Till
 ‘ then I remain the wretched

W I T.

GENIUS, who, while my Father was writing, was looking over his Shoulder, marched off full of Rage and Resentment for such an Assault put upon him ; but he flattered himself, that the following Billet, which he immediately dispatched to my Mother, would turn the Tables in his Favour.

‘ Madam,

‘ Before this kisses your Hands you must have
 ‘ received a Letter from my Friend W I T,
 ‘ full of Contrition for past Vices, and solemn
 ‘ Assurances of future Amendment,—you will
 ‘ find too, what Lengths I have gone to serve
 ‘ him, by suffering him to sacrifice my Character
 ‘ to recover his own —This I willingly consent-
 ‘ ed to ; trusting to Time to clear all these
 ‘ Matters up ;—but, would you think it, Ma-
 ‘ dam ? as soon as he had sent away his Letter,
 ‘ he said with a Sneer, *I hope this Scheme will*
 ‘ *take ; and if I once get her in my Power, let*
 ‘ *her look to’t.* I could not let this Piece of Hy-
 ‘ pocrisy pass, without acquainting you with
 ‘ it ; to whom I am sure it must be as shocking,
 ‘ as it is to

Madam,

Your devoted

GENIUS.

My

My Mother, who was all Goodness herself, and never better pleased than when she found a Reformation in others, must necessarily feel great Satisfaction in the Perusal of my Father's Letter: but how astonished was she, upon reading the Billet from GENIUS, which followed close upon the Heels of the other! she read it over and over, and every Time with more Perplexity. ' Could any Man make such a Request of another? or could any Man grant such a Request? give up his Reputation to serve his Friend? impossible! Yet, how could GENIUS know the Contents of my late Husband's Letter, if he had not been consulted upon it;— ' 'Tis quite a Riddle to me.' Here she threw down the two Letters, and reclining her Head upon her Hand, grew silent and thoughtful; when WISDOM, according to his usual Custom, made his Appearance, who perceiving an Anxiety in the Countenance of my Mother; enquired the Cause of it. My Mother, without answering, pointed to the Letters upon the Table, which he took up, and read carefully over; and while he was so doing, my Mother kept her Eyes fixed upon him, in hopes to discover his Sentiments by his Looks.—After WISDOM had done reading, he said, ' Madam, do not make yourself uneasy about the apparent Contradictions which these Letters contain,—'tis not in my Power with any Degree of Precision to ascertain how the true Fact stands: but I verily believe, that the Protestations of your late Husband are sincere; and that my Kinsman GENIUS has, by some Means or other, had a Sight of his Letter without his Knowledge, before it was sent away; —if my Conjecture is right, it will fully account for the Perfidy of GENIUS, and justify the Sincerity of WIT.—At all Events, Madam, I would advise you to be merciful in your Answer, and to forgive all past Offences, as
he

‘ he never can have it in his Power to hurt you
 ‘ more ; and I would likewise inclose a Copy of
 ‘ GENIUS’s Letter to shew your Contempt of
 ‘ it, and to convince him that you place some
 ‘ Dependence on his Promises.’ My Mother, well
 pleased with every Thing that he directed, took
 her Pen and wrote the following Answer, which
 WISDOM dictated.

‘ S I R,

‘ IMMEDIATELY after the Receipt
 ‘ of your Letter, I had one from your Friend
 ‘ GENIUS, of which the Inclosed is a Copy.—
 ‘ If I could have given Credit to what he
 ‘ charges you with, think what must have been
 ‘ my Opinion of you—I very readily grant your
 ‘ Request—and I assure you that I have more
 ‘ Pleasure in forgiving the Injuries against me,
 ‘ than you had in committing them.—In my
 ‘ Turn, I have a Favour to ask of you.—The
 ‘ Boy who is the Fruit of our unhappy Marriage,
 ‘ I should like to have the intire Possession
 ‘ of ; at least till he is old enough to judge and
 ‘ choose properly for Himself.—This you will
 ‘ not—cannot refuse me. For as you frankly
 ‘ owned on the Day of our Nuptials, that you
 ‘ never had the least Affection or Regard for the
 ‘ Mother ; so it cannot be supposed that depriving
 ‘ you of the Child, can be any Mortification. I am (with Respect)

S I R,

Your’s, &c.

TRUTH.

P. S.

P. S. ‘ Whatever may have been the Motive
 ‘ that provoked GENIUS to take this Step
 ‘ against you, remains with you to unriddle :
 ‘ But however criminal he may appear to be
 ‘ upon Examination, yet when you coolly confi-
 ‘ der what I have condescended to overlook in
 ‘ yourself, I should think, and almost wish, that
 ‘ you will be inclined to pardon a Brother in
 ‘ Iniquity.’

My Father, who was a Man of very quick Feelings and great Sensibility, had no sooner read the two first Lines of my Mother’s Letter, than he let it fall from his Hands, and began to peruse, with great Eagerness, that of GENIUS, which flung him into such violent Agitations, that he stamped about the Room like a Madman,—swore he would put him to Death instantly ; and was actually rushing forth precipitately to execute this rash Resolution, when he providentially happened to kick my Mother’s Letter before him,—he took it up and read it hastily over, without seeming to understand it ; but a second Reading began to calm the Fury of his Passion, which the Postscript intirely subdued. The Fit of Rage being over, he set himself down to consider very dispassionately what Method he should pursue, in so delicate and complicated a Circumstance ; and after racking his Brain for some Time, and torturing the Subject into all the Shapes his Imagination could suggest ; he at last determined upon what will be found in the next Chapter.

C H A P.



C H A P. IX.

MY Father upon cool Reflection, had many Reasons for not breaking with his Friend GENIUS. In the first Place, my Mother seemed to make my Father's Forgiveness of him, a Preliminary to the intended Peace of the Family : besides that, if GENIUS was not to be included in the Treaty, he would certainly invent some Plot to prevent its taking Place. But the Reason, of all others, which weighed most with my Father, was, that he had been very busy for some Months past, in writing a dramatic Piece, which, the circumscribed Situation of his Finances, obliged him to bring upon the Stage as soon as possible. He had carried it on with great Spirit and Propriety, and much to his own Satisfaction, till he came to the Winding-up of the Fable, or what is called the Catastrophe of the Play. Here he stuck fast, and wanted the Assistance of his Friend to get him out;—he resolved therefore to make GENIUS a Visit forthwith ;—he found him at Home full of Gaiety and good Humour as usual. The Conversation that passed between them upon this Occasion, I find in the Diary of PRUDENCE, under the form of a Dialogue, as follows,

Genius, Well, have you had any Answer to your Letter yet from Madam *Stiff-Rump* ?

Wit,

Wit, Yes, I have ; and such a one, as I neither expected nor deserved.

Genius, Perhaps you are very unreasonable in your Expectations.

Wit, No faith, just the contrary,—she is certainly the best Woman in the World, or she never could have forgiven us both.

Genius, Both!—what do you mean ? I am sure I never put it in the Power of the Creature to——

Wit, To expose you—read her Answer, but first let me assure you, that I come not here to reproach you for your Infidelity to me—no, my Letter, (which some how or other you must have seen) was a sufficient Provocation—let every Thing past be forgot—I only entreat one Favour of you ; which is, that you will immediately wait upon TRUTH, —explain this mysterious Business—and apologize properly for the whole.

(Here the Dialogue ends, and the History proceeds thro'.)

GENIUS read the Answer—blushed for the first Time—threw his Arms about my Father's Neck, and promised to execute the Commission with great Punctuality.

GENIUS performed his Promise the next Day ; but I do not find any Particulars entered in the Diary, of what past at this Interview, more than that he was received with great Civility by

my Mother and WISDOM—that a general Act of Oblivion in regard to all Differences, was agreed to—that my Father had consented to give me up to my Mother, for which GENIUS was to be Guarantee, and that an early Day was appointed for the Ratification of those Preliminaries by my Father.



C H A P. X.

IF I had any other Intention, by this Work, than that of being esteemed a faithful Narrator of Matters of Fact.—If I had any Design or Inclination to follow the Example of my Predecessors, those Authors who write *for present Pay and good Quarters*; whose Lucubrations are valued by Measurement; and like the Operators in Brick and Mortar, are paid by the Rod—I say, if this were my View, I have here a fair Opportunity of filling up a Page at least, with the Ceremonial of my Father's first Visit to my Mother. But as I find no Voucher for this in the Diary, it would not be consistent with the Character I profess, *to make Words amongst Friends*. These four Personages being met, *viz.* my Father, Mother, WISDOM and GENIUS—the usual Compliments over—and the Business, which brought them together, settled to the Satisfaction of all Parties; their Hearts began to glow with an uncommon Warmth, and Professions of Friendship passed on all Sides—there was an Openness in their Countenances, a Freedom in their Expressions, and a Delicacy in their Sentiments, which the Reader (if he has ever quarrelled with his Friend
and

and made it up again) may easily conceive without my Assistance. My Father, after the first Emotions of the general Joy were pretty well subsided, took an Opportunity to introduce his favourite Subject of Conversation, the Theatre. Upon this Topic he displayed his Talents to the greatest Advantage—he criticised and reviled all the Performances that had been exhibited for some Years, in which he was strongly joined by his Friend GENIUS; and after they had exhausted all their Raillery upon the Modern Writers: my Father addressing himself to WISDOM said, Sir, I have wrote a Comedy, which indeed is not yet finished, but—pray, Sir, says WISDOM, what may be the Subject of it? The Subject—the Subject, replied my Father, why I told you it was not yet finished, therefore can't explain myself upon that Point—not that I think the Subject material; but for Dialogue, Sentiment, Brilliancy of Expression and Repartee, I think this will be a Master-piece, Ha! GENIUS—it will do, it will do, cried GENIUS. I don't know, says WISDOM, how to answer you without reading your Piece; but as Comedy is a Representation of human Life, in which the Foibles, Follies, and Vices of Mankind should be ridiculed and discountenanced, I am of Opinion, that the Dialogue should be easy and unaffected—the Sentiment such as the Persons represented may be thought capable of---and the Language free from that unnatural Brilliancy of Expression and Repartee which you seem so delighted with. Lastly, the Subject, or rather, the Fable should be interesting; otherwise it may be more properly called a Conversation than a Comedy. At this Period my Mother, who never liked any Thing that was fabulous, grew tired of the Dispute, and withdrew. So that PRUDENCE could make no Record of what passed in her Absence.

—All we know of the Matter is, that my Mother upon entering the Room just before their Departure, found them all in good Humour.



C H A P. XI.

BY this Time my Mother, thro' the Conduct and Encouragement of her good Friend WISDOM, had recovered her Health and Spirits—was visiting daily, and visited by the most respectable People of the City. She had still many Enemies, particularly amongst the Female Part of the World, who were not made so by any Mal-Practices of my Father—for Instance, all those Ladies who were diametrically opposite to her in their Principles, Manners, and Fashions, could not bear her—When she went to public Places, she was indeed neat and clean as Hands could make her; but then her Dress was plain even to a Proverb—she was rather low in her Stature, which subjected her frequently to be overlooked in large Assemblies; but when she was found out, her greatest Enemies could not help pronouncing her beautiful. She had been accustomed so to the Calumnies of the World, that she heard them with the greatest Indifference—and yet there was a Piece of Scandal thrown out against her at this Time, which, tho' groundless as the Rest, reflecting upon her Honour, seemed to touch her nearly—Indeed it gives me Pain to recite an Anecdote of my Mother which probably would have ruined any other Woman in the World but herself—but the Dignity of History requires it.—Be it known then,

then, That there was a certain fine fantastic Lady who thought so well of herself, that she supposed every Person that saw her was her Admirer, and in this Disposition of Mind, imagined that she might pick and choose a Partner for Life wherever she pleased. At length this same Lady, whose name was VANITY, took it into her Head to throw out the Lure of Invitation to WISDOM, not that she had the least Passion for him; but she flattered herself that such an Alliance would raise her Character and give her vast Superiority over her own Sex. WISDOM saw the Bait; but he behaved with such Coldness as amounted to a Refusal—Her Bosom swelled with Resentment, and her Faculties were instantly at Work to be revenged of him. It has been observed by various Authors, that Invention seldom fails the Females upon these Occasions. VANITY conceived a Notion of killing two Birds with one Stone, by including my Mother, (whom she never liked) in her Plan of Revenge. For this Purpose, she presently forged a plausible Tale with Variety of Circumstances, all tending to corroborate the Veracity of the Fiction, of which the Sum total was, that tho' WISDOM and TRUTH were not really married, yet there wanted nothing but the Ceremony to make them Man and Wife.

I say, my Mother was at first hurt at this Slander, but it did not last long, for when it was once known that WISDOM had rejected the Offer of VANITY, it was discovered to be the mere Invention of enraged and disappointed Woman. If my Mother had been capable of Resentment, or had the least Tincture of Malice in her Composition, the Incident that happened soon after, must have furnished the greatest Matter of Triumph.

Not long after the Town had been set right, in regard to the foregoing Particular, a Boy, about four Years old, arrived in this City, from a very distant Part of the Country, where he had been nursed and brought up with great Privacy, but was now carried to the House of VANITY, who undertook the Care of him (as she said) for a Relation, whose Child he was. The Boy was exceeding lively and active, and with-all played so many comical Tricks, that she gave him the Nick-name of Monkey, tho' his real Name (as it afterwards turned out) was HUMOUR—He had something so inexpressibly ridiculous in his Countenance, that no one could behold him without laughing. In short, every Body was fond of the Boy, my Father in particular (who was an old Acquaintance of VANITY's) grew so enamoured of him, that the Neighbours began to suspect something, which GENIUS, who was privy to all my Father's Secrets, soon put out of all Dispute. For one Day playing with the Boy as usual at one End of the Room, without preceiving that there were three Ladies at the Other, he says to him, my little Man, you are more like your Father than your Mother—Ay, says the Boy—pray who is my Father? why, WIT is your Father, and VANITY is your Mother, Child. The Discovery was made—the Ladies burst out a laughing, the Town feasted upon it for a Fortnight, and what was best of all, VANITY durst not shew her Face abroad for a Month.



C H A P. XII.

FR O M the Time my Father and his Friend GENIUS left my Mother's House, they had been wholly taken up, in putting the finishing Stroke to the Comedy, which was now completed.—The Managers of the Theatre received it, and promised to bring it out with all possible Expedition. During this Interval, my Father made frequent Visits to my Mother and WISDOM, not on Account of the Pleasure he took in their Company, but with an Intention to gain the Favour and Protection of the latter to his Play; and if possible, to prevail upon him to write the Prologue. He succeeded in both. WISDOM commiserating the Necessities of my Father, and knowing that his Subsistence for the next Year, intirely depended upon the Success of this Piece, was willing to give it a Lift; for tho' the Play was not much suited to his Taste, yet as he found nothing in it immoral or shocking to the Ear of Modesty, he thought it not derogatory to his Character to support it. At length the Night of Performance came—the House was crammed, and the most striking Figure in it was VANITY, dressed in all the Colours of the Rainbow, and seated in the most conspicuous Part of the Theatre. My Mother and WISDOM did not make their Appearance 'till the Prologue was over—it was received with silent Admiration, but was thought, by the Multitude, to be rather too grave. The Play began and went on all the Way, 'till near the Conclusion, with a Roar of Applause. For, as my Father had before said,

so it turned out ; The Dialogue, Repartee, &c. were admirable, and pleased beyond Expression. But some how or other, towards the latter End of the Performance, the Audience, whose Attention had hitherto been taken up with the very smart Things that had been said by every Person in the Drama, Male and Female. I say, the Audience now began to perceive that there was no Fable nor Plot ; and when the Play was over, they seemed inclinable to hiss rather than clap, to which the insolent Countenance of VANITY did not a little contribute. And it was generally thought at last, that the Comedy would have been damned, if WISDOM had not stood up and given his Nod of Approbation. The Epilogue was written by GENIUS. The Subject of it was an Apology for the Life of the Author, in which my Father's Amours and Foibles were delicately touched ; and what added much to the Spirit of it, was, that it was spoken by his spurious Brat HUMOUR, who, (tho' he has been a Plague to me ever since I can remember any Thing) I must do him the Justice to say, became soon after, the very Life and Joy of the Stage.

VANITY had the Grace to withdraw before he spoke the Epilogue.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIII.

MY Father returned from the Theatre delighted with the Success of his Piece. VANITY was quite charmed with the Performance of her illegitimate Son. WISDOM was happy that his Prologue had passed unnoticed by the Vulgar, and my Mother was pleased because every Body else was. In the Diary of PRUDENCE I find no more said of this Theatrical Business, than that the Play was dragged on and supported for a few Nights by the Assistance of Friends, and then died away. That my Father, whose Reputation as an Author, stood high in the literary World, had disposed of the Copy before it was acted, for a good round Sum, which he preferred to Immortality. This very seasonable Recruit of his Finances, left him at Liberty to consider of the best and most expeditious Method to make his Son HUMOUR useful to the Stage and profitable to himself -- In order to this, he set about giving him the three great Accomplishments, Dancing, Fencing, and Music—Reading and Writing did not enter into his Plan of Education—for in his Treatise lately published, called the *Theatrical Guide*, he demonstrated that Nothing was more prejudicial to a Comedian, than literary Knowledge. That he had observed the few amongst them who could read and write, had a grave Cast of Muscles, arising, as he supposes, from a conscious Superiority, in Point of Learning, over the Rest of their Brethren. That, for the same Reason, it may be highly proper for a Tragedian, whose Department should consist in

Grace and Dignity ; but, that, for a Dancer it is downright Poison, as it intoxicates his Head, and takes from the Agility of his Heels.

HUMOUR was not taught to read and write ; but he made a very quick Progress in his other Studies ; and my Father had the Satisfaction of seeing the Doctrine he had laid down, verified and established in the Example of his Son ; he very soon become a favourite Dancer in the grotesque Stile, and was received with great Applause in those Parts of low Comedy, to which his Age and Stature were suitable.

And now, I think, it is high Time to say something of myself, which I have avoided as long as I could, for Reasons that will, and must, be seen presently. There is a certain Pride annexed to the Freehold of human Nature, which excites a Desire to appear well, in the Opinion of Mankind ; and a Repugnancy, of Course, to the Discovery of any Thing that might make him appear otherwise,—in this latter Situation am I ; for, as I know but too well, that the early Part of my Life (even from the first Dawn of Reason, to almost my twentieth Year) will make but an unfavourable Impression of me upon the Reader ; it is not unnatural to declare that I set about it with some Reluctance.



C H A P. XIV.

I FIND in the Diary of PRUDENCE, innumerable Remarks relative to the Progress of my Infancy, which a fond Mother might think necessary, but would be too tedious and trifling to trouble the Reader with. I shall therefore only just observe, that the Periods of cutting my Teeth, walking, speaking, &c. happened much later than to Children in general—that I took no Notice of Objects at the usual Time; and that I knew not my Letters, when others of the same Age could read distinctly. When I was old enough to be sent to a public School, my Backwardness in Learning and Want of Parts, were too conspicuous not to be observed by the Rest of the Boys, in whose Eyes I soon became contemptible. In short I was ridiculed and laughed at by the whole School, insomuch, that if Providence (who is all just) had not given me one necessary Quality as an Equivalent for Dulness, I must have sunk under it. I mean Patience. This I had in a very high Degree; and this supported me under all my Difficulties.—The Boys grew tired of whipping a Top that would not spin; and at length began to pity what they could not provoke.

However partial my Mother might be to the Failings of her only Son, she had long perceived, with silent Concern, my Want of Abilities, but never had the Courage to mention it to her Friend WISDOM, who, seeing the Distress of her Mind, took the disagreeable Task off her Hands, and
spated

spared her Blushes, by saying, ‘ Madam, the
 ‘ Uneasiness you have suffered for some Time,
 ‘ on Account of your Son, has not escaped me ;
 ‘ and, as I participate of every Good or Evil that
 ‘ befalls you, I take the Liberty to congratulate
 ‘ you, on the Happiness you are likely to enjoy
 ‘ from so hopeful a Child,—I see you are sur-
 ‘ prized, Madam, and (if I may judge by your
 ‘ Looks) you think I speak a Language foreign
 ‘ to my Heart—believe me, no—your Son’s Parts
 ‘ are not yet budded forth ; and when they are,
 ‘ he will not appear like that Summer-Tree
 ‘ HUMOUR, who blossoms, bears Fruit, and
 ‘ drops his Leaves within the Year : but he will
 ‘ flourish like the Cedar of *Lebanon*, and the
 ‘ Fools of the World shall be glad to shelter
 ‘ themselves beneath his Branches—he will be-
 ‘ come a Comfort and Companion to his Mother,
 ‘ and the candid Tribunal to which all good
 ‘ Men will make their Appeal.’

This sudden and unexpected Presage of my
 future Importance, and that from a Man she re-
 garded as an Oracle, operated very forcibly on
 the Passions of my Mother—a Torrent of Glad-
 ness overflowed her Heart, and Tears of Joy
 trickled down her Cheeks.



C H A P. XV.

NOTWITHSTANDING this very favourable Prognostic of WISDOM, which indeed, had given my Mother intire Satisfaction, yet People in general, entertain'd very different Notions of me ; they could not conceive that any Thing less than a Miracle was capable of making me a rational Creature. And this Opinion was very pleasing to those who were the natural and declared Enemies of my Mother and WISDOM. In particular, VANITY made herself very happy in drawing Comparisons between that surprising Production HUMOUR, and the booby Son of Madam TRUTH, as she was pleased to call me ; and at the same Time would fling out malicious Insinuations to the Prejudice of my Mother, as, that it was impossible such a lifeless Animal as myself could be the Son of her Friend WIT. My Father too, tho' he had Art enough to conceal his Joy from those to whom it would have given Offence, could not help secretly rejoicing at the visible Disparity of Understanding, between his natural and unnatural Son. While Friends and Foes were thus variously busied, some in ironically pitying, others in really comforting my Mother, I jogged on at School in a harmless plain John Trot-Way, without offending or being offended by any Body. I began (as I hinted in the last Chapter) to live upon tolerable Terms with my School-Fellows, that is, I enjoyed the
negative

negative Happiness of not being tormented. This did not last long ; for, as I was not expert at those Games which Boys usually delight in, nor excelling in those bodily Exercises that require Spirit and Activity ; I was generally shut out, and left to invent Amusements for myself—This naturally inclined me to Industry, and to employ those Hours in Study, which other Boys spent in Play ; so that the extraordinary Pains I took, made ample Amends for my Want of Parts ; and I was enabled by this Means, to cut as good a Figure as the best of them. My Master saw it, and encouraged me in it ; but at the same Time, it encouraged, or rather enraged the Boys, who used me so exceedingly ill, that (patient as I was) I could no longer forbear complaining of it to my Mother—She advised with WISDOM about it : I was immediately taken Home and provided with a private Tutor. I had now just entered my thirteenth Year, and from this Time of my Return to my Mother's House, to that of my leaving it again, includes the happiest Æra of my Life. Indulged by a fond Mother in every reasonable Recreation that could at once delight and instruct ; guarded by PRUDENCE, and conducted by the cautious Hand of WISDOM—how can I ever forget those Halcyon Days, that flowed with un-interrupted Felicity ?



C H A P. XVI.

MY Tutor was a Man of sound Understanding and good Parts; he had been bred to Letters; but his principal Pursuit was natural History, especially those Branches of it that were most beneficial to Mankind. WISDOM had made Choice of him as a proper Person to direct the Studies of a young Man, whom they had long since intended for the Profession of Physic. My Mother was the more solicitous about making me a Physician, on Account of an unconquerable Aversion she had (and it was born with her) to all Quacks and Empyrical Practitioners. These Gentry, knowing her to be their inveterate Enemy, seldom let a Day pass without offering her some personal Affront, that was injurious to her Reputation; and what made it still more provoking, she was informed, that my Father and his Friend GENIUS were mean enough, for a paltry Gratitude, to give their Assistance and join against her. I say, my Mother, poor Woman, wished me to be a Doctor, in hopes that I might, some Time or other, be able (like another Hercules) to cut off the Head of this medicinal Hydra. WISDOM expected no such Wonders from me, tho' he was unwilling to deprive my Mother of so pleasing a Prospect, by convincing her of the Impossibility of ever carrying it into Execution.

Amongst

Amongst the Number of these never-failing Doctors, there was one who took the Lead, and far surpassed all the Rest of his Brethern in Confidence and Effrontery ; for, by the Art and Management of my Father and his Adherents, he gained such Credit with the Town, as to convince them, that he had, by certain magick Powers, extracted an Effence and Tincture from common and well known Plants, which contained more Virtues than the Plants themselves ever possessed.

The Disorders, for which these Arcana were infallible, are too numerous to be recited here. And, tho' the Doctor gave Evidence against himself, whenever he made his Appearance in public, by exhibiting in his own Person, a Complication of Disorders ; yet the People were too infatuated to believe their own Eyes. There is a Circumstance in this Doctor's Life, which however trivial it may appear to the Reader, I cannot forbear mentioning : long before he commenced Physician, he was engaged in writing for the Booksellers upon almost every Subject (Physic excepted) that could be thought of ; he had a fluent Pen, and dispatched a great Deal of Business in a little Time, which answered the Purposes of his Employers. But the Doctor finding his Pay inadequate to the Luxuriancy of his Appetite ; quitted this Employment for the more lucrative Occupation of Quackery ; this he succeeded in beyond Expectation. But as there is no earthly Happiness without its Counterpoise of Misery, so it happened with the Doctor—the Ease and Indolence, into which this Affluence of Fortune had thrown him, did, by Degrees, accumulate those chronic Diseases, which his Nostrums could not cure, and which would have
been

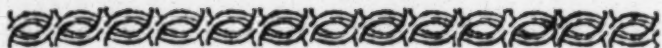
been prevented by living as formerly, the Life of a Peripatetick Philosopher.



C H A P. XVII.

MY Tutor and I pursued our Studies with great Harmony and Satisfaction to each other. We frequently walked out together into the Fields, to collect those medicinal Plants and Flowers on which he expatiated with great Elegance and Propriety. But these entertaining Amusements were often interrupted by the Impertinence of that half-natural Brother of mine HUMOUR, who took every Opportunity of falling in my Way in order to ridicule my Gravity and put me out of Countenance. One Day in particular, when I was alone, he met me and attacked me thus; Your Servant, Brother, what! have they trusted you out by yourself? upon my Word it is very imprudent in them, some Accident or other will happen to you; but I'll see you safe Home.—He was going on in this sneering Way, when I stopped him short by saying, Young Man, I have hitherto borne your Jokes and Ribaldry patiently, which, if you persist in, I shall chastise you for, in a Manner you will not like—your Mother is much to blame for encouraging you in this Behaviour—you and I were not made for Companions—you are very well in your Place, I mean the Theatre, where I shall always applaud you according to your Merit; but remember for the Future, if you should casually meet me any where, that you do not affect to know me;
farewel.

farewel. My Gentleman was thunder-struck with this Reprimand—he did not imagine that I had Understanding enough to know, or Spirit enough to resent an Affront. He had been taught to believe that I was a common chopping Block, where every Jack-pudding might cut and come again with Impunity. He found himself mistaken, and marched off with great Precipitation; and I think, after this Interview he never ventured to be personally impertinent to me again; tho' he did every Thing in his Power, behind my Back, to bring my Character into Dis-repute. My Father and GENIUS, who had hitherto only looked upon me as a poor Creature below their Notice, began to suspect that there was something in me, which Years and Experience might ripen into Knowledge; and were therefore struck with an Apprehension that I should, some Time or other, become a formidable Enemy to the Infallibility of Quackery. They had both entered themselves into the Empyrical Service, and were consequently sworn Foes to the regularly bred Practitioners in Physic. In this Disposition of Mind, they were meditating a most severe Stroke against the Faculty; an Account of which will be seen by and by.



C H A P. XVIII.

IT was presently proclaimed by HUMOUR (who was bad at a Secret) that his Father and GENIUS were about a Farce, that would destroy all the Physicians, and save all their Patients; but, as it is not ready to be produced, I shall leave them at it, and proceed to speak of an Affair that happened in our Family, of a more serious Nature.

The Nation had long laboured under many Difficulties, from the precarious and uncertain Situation of its Laws. They had been so altered and explained away, that no precise Idea could be affixed to them, nor any Decrees made in the Courts of Judicature, that were satisfactory to the Parties; the Property of the Individual lay at the Mercy of a more powerful Neighbour. The People grew outrageous, and nothing could restrain or satisfy them, till the Government promised them a new Body of Laws. For this Purpose, the Chiefs and Nobles were called together, when there happened to be present among them, one to whom they all looked up, and in whom they were willing to trust their Lives and Fortunes. He was indeed a Man of great Learning, Knowledge and Virtue; his Name was SOLON; he undertook, with the Assistance of WISDOM, to form these Laws. After some Time spent in this great and necessary Work, they were at length finished, read to the People, and received by them with universal Joy and Approbation.

The

The Government, to commemorate this happy Event, ordain'd an annual Day of Festivity ; at which were present, all the Persons of Rank in the Nation. My Mother, you may be sure, would not be absent at a Time when her Friend WISDOM with his Colleague SOLON, were to receive the grateful Acknowledgments of so grand an Assembly. She was there, and infinitely delighted, both with the Entertainment and the other Ceremonies ; when, on a sudden, after drinking a Glass of Wine, she was observed to turn pale, and presently fainted away ; she was removed into the Air, where she recovered from her fainting, which was followed by Sickneſs and Vomiting. She was carried Home, where we muſt leave her for a Moment. VANITY was at this Entertainment, and ſat with ſecret Vexation, to hear and ſee the Encomiums and Civilities that were beſtowed on WISDOM and my Mother : but ſhe conceal'd her Diſguſt, and had even Hypocriſy enough to congratulate my Mother on the Honours that had befallen her Family. But to return to my Mother. After ſhe got Home, ſhe grew worſe and worſe ; her Vomiting was without Intermiſſion, and violent gripping Pains had ſeized her Bowels.—Her Life was thought to be in great Danger ; however, at length, by the Uſe of proper Remedies, the Symptoms were mitigated. The next Day her Complaint returned, but not ſo bad ; in ſhort it was many Days before ſhe got the better of it. The Phyſician who attended her, gave it as his Opinion, that my Mother had been poiſoned at the late Banquet. It was the general Topick of Converſation ; but no body pretended to gueſs at the Culprit. Very ſoon after, TIME, that unriddles all Things, brought out a Circumſtance, which amounted to almoſt a Proof of the Perſon concerned in this horrid Attempt. HUMOUR

was

was one Morning with his Mother, who went out of the Room upon some Occasion, and left her Pocket Book upon the Table. The young Spark no sooner cast his Eye upon it, but he long'd to know what it might contain; and his insatiable Curiosity prompted him to borrow it for a While. When his Mother returned, he took a hasty Leave, and flew to the House of a Theatrical Friend, where he intended to open his Budget. The Reader will easily recollect that HUMOUR could neither read nor write, he was therefore under a Necessity of acquainting his Friend with what he had done, in order to come at the Contents of the Book; his Friend complying with his Request, open'd it and found therein, many loose Papers, and some Memorandums written in the Book itself; all which he read over to him, except the two following Lines,

Since Poison does it's Power deny,
'Tis plain that T R U T H will never die.

HUMOUR having satisfied his Curiosity, began to think how he might replace the Book, and avoid his Mother's Anger; he knew she would immediately miss it, and that he would be the suspected Person, he consulted his Friend upon it, who had a Design that HUMOUR never dreamt of. It seems that, thro' the Influence of my Father and VANITY over the Managers of the Theatre, many of this Player's favourite Parts in Comedy, had been taken from him, and given to HUMOUR. He was therefore determined to be revenged of the whole Family; and thought this an excellent Opportunity. He told HUMOUR that it was impossible to deceive his Mother, or to prevent the Discovery; that he thought the best Thing he could do, was to carry the Book to WISDOM, to acknowledge the Indiscretion, and to implore his Protection
and

and Authority to conciliate Matters with his Mother; and that he might carry his Scheme into Execution with more Certainty, and to shew at the same Time his Friendship for HUMOUR, he offered his Service to negotiate this Business for him. This Plan was agreed to by HUMOUR with great Expressions of Gratitude; away went the Player to seek out WISDOM, to whom he was an utter Stranger, and was likewise ignorant of his Place of Abode; it was therefore some Time before he found him; he delivered the Book, and explained the Nature of his Embassy, but without laying any Stress on the stipulated Reconciliation of the Mother and Son. WISDOM made him no other Answer than, that he would take Care of it; when the Player had made his Exit, WISDOM began to consider how he should act in so critical a Conjuncture. He knew very well that the Distich before-mentioned was the Hand-writing of VANITY; but, as this Circumstance alone would not be sufficient to convict her, he thought it best to conceal from my Mother, what (from her strong Aversion to Doubts and Uncertainties) would give her Pain to no Purpose; he therefore determined to send the Book back to the Owner with the following Letter.

‘ MADAM,

‘ That any Bauble of yours should fall into my
 ‘ Hands, will be great Matter of Surprise to you
 ‘ —your Son can best inform you how I came by
 ‘ it; his total Ignorance of Letters, he cannot upon
 ‘ this Occasion, lament; as it has saved him the
 ‘ Confusion of reading what must for ever render
 ‘ his Mother infamous — you see, Madam, by
 ‘ this Incident, the unsearchable Ways of Pro-
 ‘ vidence — this Son, who is the Fruit of your
 ‘ guilty Embraces, is become the innocent Cause

‘ of a more guilty Discovery ; your own Con-
 ‘ science will but too well explain my Meaning
 ‘ without any further Reproach from

Madam,

Your's, &c.

WISDOM.

Upon the Assurances which HUMOUR had received from the Player, that WISDOM had undertaken to procure his Pardon from his Mother, he ventured to pay her a Visit. He put on a very penitential Face, and fell upon his Knees before her ; but the violent Reception he met with (tho' the Manner of it never transpired to the Public) wrought a strange Alteration in the Temper and Disposition of the young Man, which frequently broke out in a contemptible Mimickry of personal Infirmities, or an unwarrantable Derision of human Frailties.



C H A P. XIX.

THE History of the Pocket Book was never communicated to my Mother, which the Reader may wonder at, 'till he is informed, that it was not entered in the Diary of PRUDENCE, and that from the Age of Fifteen, I depend principally upon my own Memory and Notes, for Materials ; tho' I shall have frequent Occasions for those of PRUDENCE. My Father had now finished his Farce, from which he expected both

both Reputation and Profit,—he was not disappointed in either ; for it met with great Applause and full Houses. The indifferent Reception of his former Comedy, was not so much owing to the Deficiency of his Plan, &c. as to the Want of that local Satire and personal Abuse with which this Piece abounded. The Design of this Farce, (which was called the Consultation) I can only give the following imperfect Account of.

The first Scene introduces a Man and his Wife entering at different Doors, wringing their Hands, and waiting with great Impatience, the coming of three Physicians to visit their Daughter who lay at the Point of Death ; this Scene is spun out with expatiating on the Virtues of their Child and the Impossibility of surviving the Loss of her, when a Servant announces the Arrival of the Doctors, and the Parents make their Exits.

In the next *material* Scene appear sitting, the Doctors in Consultation. Their first Discourse is about the general News of the Town, which introduces the Story of my Mother's being poisoned. This brings on an Enquiry into the Cause, Effects, and Cure of Poisons. The Dispute grows warm,—they all three differ in Opinion, and after much Time spent, without ascertaining any Thing ; the youngest Physician tells them, that it is high Time to think about their Patient ; that she cannot last long without Relief—the two old Doctors declare it a lost Case, but ask him if he has any Thing to propose,—the young One recommends Dr. ——— Powder, ——— the old Ones are of Opinion it might cure her, but will not risque their Reputation for any Person's Life.—The young One finds out an Expedient to save both, by proposing to send for the Apothecary, and directing him to get some of Dr. — Powder, and make it up instead of the Medicine
which

which they should prescribe ; the Apothecary comes : he is sworn to Secrecy with the three Doctors, upon the Dispensatory ; they all take their Leaves and depart.

In the next Scene the Husband and Wife appear in great Joy for the Recovery of their Daughter, when the Apothecary's Boy enters with a Message from his Master to the Doctors ; which, by Mistake, he delivers to the Husband : the Purport of the Message was to know, whether the Physicians meant to give the Patient any more of the Powder ; if they did, that it must be got before the Doctor went to his country House, or it could not be had that Day.

The second Act opens with the second Meeting of the Physicians, who plume themselves and congratulate each other on their Success, in the Presence of the Patient's Father ; he seems highly delighted with what they had done, and extols their Merit to the Stars ; but at the very Instant they are expecting their Fees, he makes the appointed Sign, when half a Dozen Servants rush in with Broom-staffs, and beat the Doctors off the Stage.

In the next Scene, the young Lady makes her Appearance with her Father and Mother, who all enjoy the Trick they have put upon the Doctors. The Father then wishes his Daughter a long Continuance of her Health, and tells her, that he hopes this severe Illness has cured her of her Passion for FLORIO—the Daughter promises (in the usual Stile) that she will never do any Thing against the Father's Consent.

In the next Scene, the Daughter receives a Letter from FLORIO, in which he acquaints her with what he had done and what he had suffered for her Sake ; that he had personated the

youngest Physician of the three, in order to introduce that Powder, in which he had always the highest Confidence, and begs her to make Use of this Circumstance to work upon her Father, &c.

In the last Scene the whole Affair is unravell'd ; and the Father can no longer refuse his Daughter to the Man who had so happily preserved her.


My Mother and WISDOM, who were both present on the first Night of Performance, shew'd their Disapprobation of the Piece, in two very different Ways. My Mother quitted the Theatre at the Beginning of the first Act, and WISDOM fell fast asleep in the Middle of the second.

B O O K



B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

AVING now gone through my own Minority, and given the Reader such Anecdotes of my Friends and Relations, as may enable him to form a tolerable Judgment of their Characters and Dispositions: I shall proceed with my History; in which (tho' I shall myself be the principal Actor, that of my nearest akin, will unavoidably be intermix'd.

About this Time, I set out upon my Travels; as well with an Intention to prosecute my particular Studies in the Profession of Physic, as to acquire a general Knowledge of Men and Things. The Travels of most modern Gentlemen have been limited to the Tour of Europe; but nothing less than the Circuit of the Terrestrial Globe would satisfy my unbounded Curiosity; I passed to the utmost Extremities of the East, and from thence by the South, to the West, and so on thro' the North. And tho' I found no great Inducements to stay me long in any Place I came to; yet it took me up more than a hundred Years, in visiting the different Nations of the Earth. Whether it was that, at this Time of my Travelling, I had not arrived to that Degree of Understand-
C 2 ing

ing which is necessary to conceive Things rightly; or whether the World was really immersed in Barbarism and Obscurity, I can't tell; but certain I am that I was not at all pleased with the People, nor did they seem to relish me much better. Thus out of Conceit, and dissatisfied with every Thing I had met with in the four Quarters of the Globe, I returned to *Athens*, in Hopes of finding that Peace of Mind which every Traveler, who has a laudable Partiality for his native Country, must have experienced. But how great was my Surprize, and how terrible my Disappointment! the *Grecian* Empire was become the Shadow of what it was when I left it. *Carthage* had been destroyed, and many of the great Cities were tributary to the all-conquering Romans. To add to my Unhappiness, I found the Disagreements and Animosities in our Family were greater than ever. My Mother had impaired her Health by watching and attending upon WISDOM, who was seized with a Lethargy at the Time of his falling asleep at the Farce. My Father, with his Coadjutors, GENIUS, VANITY and HUMOUR, had taken the Advantage of WISDOM's Incapacity to make Vice fashionable, and to introduce every Kind of Luxury and Debauchery, even amongst the Senate, who had received the Wages of Corruption from the City of *Rome*.

However, some Time before my Arrival, WISDOM recovered from his Indisposition, and was soon informed of the miserable Situation of public Affairs, and of the helping Hand my Father had lent towards it.

He pitied the Misfortunes of his Country, but saw the Impossibility of preventing the impending Ruin: He took his Part accordingly, and acquainted me with his Design of quitting *Greece* and going to *Rome*, whither he had been strongly pressed

pressed to come by his Correspondent *Cicero*, who at that Time stood in Need of his Assistance ; but, that the Business on which he was going, might not be frustrated by the Intrigues and Cabals of our Family, he desired that we might be all called together, when he would propose something to our Consideration, which he hoped would be agreed to by every one. The Parties were all summoned and met: WISDOM, after apologizing for bringing us together, told us, that he had always looked upon the unhappy Mis-understandings, which had subsisted among us ever since we were a Family, with the greatest Concern ; that, as the Cause of these Differences (being nothing less than a Contradiction in our Tempers, Dispositions and Capacities) cannot be removed, the Effect must continue ; that the Evils arising from it, were manifold both to ourselves and to the Community in general.—that he knew of but one Expedient to prevent it for the future, which was to conform to an Article of Separation which he had drawn up. He then produced a Paper, containing Words to the following Purport.

Whereas divers and sundry Evils, Grievances and Misfortunes, both of a private and public Nature, have frequently happened, and which have been owing to certain Contentions and Animosities between the following Parties, namely, WISDOM, TRUTH, COMMON-SENSE, and PRUDENCE, of the first Part ; and WIT, GENIUS, VANITY and HUMOUR, of the second Part. And whereas it is apprehended, that the said Contentions, &c. may, if not timely prevented, be productive of still greater Mischiefs, &c. throughout the Face of the whole Earth : the Parties aforesaid (who never meant more than the Destruction of each other,) have taken it in-

to Consideration for the Good of Mankind; and finding that the said Contentions, &c. cannot be remedied, or the said Evils prevented, but by a proper Separation of the said Parties! they do therefore covenant and agree, and it is hereby covenanted and agreed, by and for the said Parties jointly and separately, in Manner following: And first it is hereby allowed and granted, that WISDOM with his three Friends, TRUTH, COMMON-SENSE and PRUDENCE, shall have free Liberty to depart this Land, and make Choice of any Part of the known Globe for their Place of Abode, wherein they may continue for any Time not exceeding seven Years; at the Expiration of which, WIT, with his Friends GENIUS, VANITY and HUMOUR, may take Possession of the said Place, if they should be so minded: and provided also, that they shall have given to WISDOM, &c. six Months Notice of such Intention, previous to the Expiration of the seven Years; otherwise the present Possessors shall be at Liberty to continue there another Term of seven Years; secondly, it is hereby stipulated and agreed, that if any two of either Party, shall quit the Nation or Kingdom, of which they have Possession, at any Time within the seven Years, it shall be lawful for any two of the opposite Party to succeed them, as soon as they think proper.

Thirdly, as a Penalty adequate to the Crime, it is further agreed, that the Epithet FALSE shall be prefixed to the Name of any one of the aforesaid Parties who shall be convicted of a Breach of any of the above Articles. Lastly, It is the Intent, Purport and Meaning of the Subscribers hereto, that the aforesaid Articles be reciprocally binding to all Parties, any Thing to the contrary before-mentioned notwithstanding.

Signed,

Sign'd, sealed and delivered in the Year of the
World 3955.

<i>Wisdom,</i>	<i>Wit,</i>
<i>Truth,</i>	<i>Genius,</i>
<i>Common-Sense,</i>	<i>Vanity,</i>
<i>Prudence,</i>	The Mark X of <i>Humour.</i>

These Articles were immediately signed, without any Demur (which was expected) on the Part of our Opponents, who on the contrary seemed highly pleased to be freed from that Restraint upon their Actions and Conduct, which the Severity of WISDOM had hitherto imposed.



C H A P. II.

THINGS being thus amicably settled; WISDOM and my Mother repaired to *Rome*, where they found Things in a most distracted State, and his Friend *Cicero* embroiled in those Troubles, which soon after cost him his Life, and *Rome* its Liberty. My Father and HUMOUR, finding that PRUDENCE and myself were left behind, took the Advantage of the Power the Articles had given them, and departed for *Rome* likewise. Upon the Death of *Cicero*, WISDOM and my Mother quitted *Rome*, and retired to an obscure Corner of *Italy*, where they lived many Years unknown and un-noticed. They were soon succeeded by GENIUS and VANITY; and the whole Party being now got together, in a Place where People of their

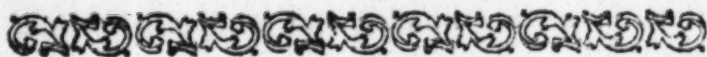
Character were much courted and caressed ; they gave a loose to their Inclinations, and passed thro' every Scene of Luxury and Licentiousness, without Controul. They remained here during the whole Reign of *Augustus* : a Reign so distinguished for its Splendor and Magnificence, and mark'd by all Historians as the Epocha of Men of Learning and brilliant Parts. But here I must beg Leave to set the modern World right, who have been deceived by the traditional Accounts which Historians have given of the Names of those Authors, whose Works are universally admired.— For Example ; *Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Martial, Catullus*, and many more, were only the Amanuenses or Transcribers of those Literary Productions to which their Names are prefixed. They were all actually written, or at least dictated, by my Father and his Friend GENIUS. This Information I had from my Mother, whose Veracity has never been yet called in Question. This small Specimen of Historical Misrepresentation, must convince us how little we ought to rely on what we read and hear ; and tho' this Discovery may give Umbrage to the Majority of Mankind, who are predisposed to credit what their Forefathers believed, yet, the Love of Justice and Candour would not suffer me to let the Imposition pass upon the World any longer.

I have as yet, said little or nothing of myself in my physical Capacity. The Troubles, in which I found my native Country involved, on my Return from my Travels ; together with the sudden Separation of our Family, have not given me an Opportunity. I had, in the Course of my Studies, gone thro' every Branch of Physic and Surgery, but in my Practice, I confined myself chiefly to one, namely that of Lunacy ; in which I had already performed many notable Cures during my Tour round the World. I was very early inclined

clined to take this Department in Physic, from the Observations I had made upon Human Nature. I had reasoned myself into a Belief that many chronic Bodily Diseases, took their Rise originally from a distempered Brain; and in pursuing this Idea, I had formed an Hypothesis (to which perhaps my Brethren will not give their Assent) that Maniacal Complaints have their Paroxysms and Intermissions, and that they are as contagious and communicative as any Cutaneous Disorders whatsoever. If my Conjecture should be ill founded, how, in the Name of Wonder, are we to account for those daily Instances, which seem to justify this Supposition? A Man is seized with a Phrenzy—draws his Sword—declares he will put all the People to Death of a distant Country (which he never saw or has had the least Intercourse with) unless they will acknowledge him for their Lord and Master—this is communicated to those about him—they give it to others, and so in the Space of a few Hours, the Contagion catches like the Electrical Fire, and the whole Nation are stark staring mad. A further Proof of the Disease being infectious, is, the Similiarity of the Symptoms—every Man of them as soon as he is taken ill, draws his Sword and vows Destruction likewise to the same innocent People—and their frantic Rage even supports them under the Fatigue of journeying on Foot, several hundred Miles, to fight with they do not know who, and to return they do not know how; 'till at length by hard Lodging, slender Diet, and plentiful Phlebotomy, they recover their Senses with the Loss only of a Leg or an Arm. I must confess that I have never known this Species of Madness attack any but great Personages; such as Rulers of Kingdoms and Commanders of Armies; if they escape, the Nation over which they preside, remain perfectly free from Infection. But alas! this seldom happens; for I cannot help

thinking that this Distemper is radical and hereditary; and that it is the very same Disease which has baffled the utmost Efforts of the wisest Physicians, vulgarly called the *King's Evil*. We see it sometimes lie dormant for twenty or thirty Years together, without any one Manical Symptom, but then it breaks out with greater Fury than ever. Happy, singularly happy is that Nation which experiences in it's Sovereign, the *Mens sana in Corpore sano*, that is, a King sound both in Body and Mind.

In the Progress of this Work, I shall endeavour to support the Doctrine I have advanced, by various Examples in their proper Places, but without observing that Chronological Order, which, I hope, will be a Matter of Indifference to all my Readers, except those few who choose to begin at the End of a Book that they may know, before their Neighbours, the Drift and Design of the Author.



C H A P. III.

THOSE convivial Times, in which I left my Father and his Partizans deeply engaged, began now to decline—they were succeeded by that great Æra of the World, that memorable Event to which we shall always look up with Awe and Reverence—it was nothing less than the Birth of CHRIST—this drew my Mother and WISDOM from their Obscurity—they stood forth the Champions of Christianity—they sustained this great Cause against all the Torrent of Defamation and Abuse, which an ignorant and an unenlightened Multitude could throw out against it; their whole Care and Attention was devoted to this glorious Undertaking, and they had the Happiness to obtain, after a Struggle of many Years, the Completion of their Wishes in the Establishment of the Christian Religion throughout the greatest Part of *Europe*, &c. My Father and his Troop, from being raised to the highest Pitch of human Glory, in the Court of AUGUSTUS, were now fallen so low, as to become the Objects of Pity and Compassion. They were grown so indigent, as to want the common Necessaries of Life. They had long strolled about the Country in a beggarly Manner, without meeting with any Body charitable enough to take them in; and were at last reduced to take Refuge in a small Hamlet on the *Barbary* Coast; and, as if Providence had not sufficiently mortified them for their Pride and Insolence in Prosperity, their Misfortunes were augmented by another Calamity,

VANITY

VANITY, unable to bear patiently this great Reverse of Fortune, was run mad ; and my Father, in a very humble and penitential Letter, begged my Assistance and Advice. PRUDENCE, who had never left me, since the Departure of my Mother to *Rome*, would have dissuaded me from going to her ; her Objections were : First, The Length of the Journey, next, the Probability that it was nothing but a Piece of Artifice to get me there to relieve their Necessities,—Lastly, that it was not likely I could be of any great Service to her in her Disorder, as she had been always insane from her Cradle. Notwithstanding the Reasonableness of this Advice, and the Regard I had for her Opinion, yet my Humanity would not permit me to refuse.

I set out directly, and performed my Journey with all possible Dispatch. Upon my Arrival in *Barbary*, after much Search and Difficulty, I found the Habitation of these unfortunate People. It was a small, low Cabin, in the Sides of which, Time had made many a Chasin for the Winds to pass and repass, without the least Interruption.

There was a Fire in the Middle of the Apartment, and round it sat our four Worthies. But as there was no Out-let for the Smoak except the Door, I should have been at a Loss to distinguish them from each other, if I had not known their Voices. However, I did meet with an Interval from Obscurity, long enough to discover that my Father, GENIUS, and HUMOUR, had upon their Backs the tattered Remains of those gaudy Trappings which once cut a Figure in the splendid Court of *Augustus*. VANITY had a Blanket about her Shoulders, and her Head fantastically dressed. Ridiculous as this must appear to me,
I could

I could not help thinking it no bad Emblem of the Fall of the Roman Empire.

But, tho' their outward Habiliments were somewhat masqueradish, yet they preserv'd the same Cast and Character of Countenance as formerly ; there was Life and Spirit in my Father : The point-blank piercing Eye of GENIUS, and the laughter-loving Face of HUMOUR. VANITY seemed rather disconcerted ; but great Allowance must be made for her Dress, her Robe de Chambre was certainly very unbecoming.

After much Conversation with my Father about Family Affairs, and enquiring into the Chapter of Accidents which brought them under this uncourtly Roof ; I began to examine my Patient. Her Answers to my Questions were very irrational, and her Looks extravagantly wild, which, during the Discourse with my Father I had not observed : and upon scrutinizing a little further into the Matter, I perceived she was only acting her Parts, and that the Surmise of PRUDENCE was but too well founded ; I determined within myself, not to let them know that I had seen thro' their Design ; and therefore ordered her to be closely confined, and prescribed for her as if she had been really mad. The other Part of PRUDENCE's Prophecy was presently fulfilled by my Father, who began to consult with me about Ways and Means for their present Support. I very willingly gave him what I had brought with me for that Purpose, and promised him an annual Supply, until they should be in a Situation to provide for themselves. Upon taking Leave of my Father, I saw (over his Shoulder) HUMOUR, winking at GENIUS, and putting his Finger up to his Nose, to signify that I had been taken in.

C H A P.



C H A P. IV.

AFTER I got back and had acquainted PRUDENCE with what I had done, she reproached me, as I expected, with not taking her Advice, and told me, that I might have spent my Time much better, both in Regard of Profit and Reputation; that I had been very much wanted since I was gone; and that it was very hard that Kingdoms and crowned Heads were to wait while I was visiting such paltry People; that the King of *Persia* and the Great *Mogul* had both sent for me in great Haste. I reply'd, that when I pass'd thro' those Countries many Years ago, I found the People so bigoted, ignorant and superstitious, that I could do nothing with them, and that the King of *Persia* and the Great *Mogul* must excuse me, for I was determin'd for the future to limit my Practice to *Europe* only.

To give the Reader a circumstantial Account of the Transactions of myself and Family, during the remaining Part of the dark Age, into which we are now got, would prove but a very indifferent Entertainment. I shall just touch upon some Occurrences which happened between this Time and that of the Taking of *Constantinople* by *Mahomet* the second, and so get on as soon as may be to a Period of Time that must be more interesting to a modern Reader.

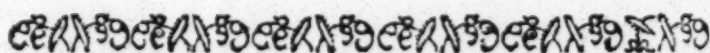
My Mother and Wisdom had been all this while employed in the Establishment of Christianity; I had

had not seen either of them for many Years, for it so fell out that in whatever Part of the World they were, I was seldom wanted or sent for in my Profession. An Incident, however, brought us together, to my great Joy, sooner than I expected. The Emperor Constantine had been committing many violent Acts of Lunacy, and the last of them was that of hunting down some poor unfortunate Kings upon the Banks of the *Rhine*, and afterwards exposing them to the wild Beasts, to be torn to Pieces for his Diversion. I was immediately sent for, I found him walking in a disorderly Manner upon the Side of the River—I saw there was no Time to be lost—that the ordinary Methods of Cure would not be sufficiently expeditious to prevent the Contagion from spreading—something was to be done instantly—I e'en foused him over Head and Ears in the River—kept him under Water 'till he was almost drowned, and then took him out as cool as a Cucumber. A few corroborative Medicines afterwards to strengthen his Understanding, brought him to Reason. WISDOM and my Mother had long meditated a Design of converting this same Emperor to Christianity, and now hearing that he had recovered his Senses, thought it a proper Opportunity to make the Attempt; in short, like another *Cæsar*, they came, saw and overcame.

The Joy which so unexpected a Meeting must create in the Hearts of three People united by every Tie of Blood and Friendship, the Reader will suppose, must have been excessive. My Mother hung upon my Neck for some Minutes—and as soon as her Tears would permit her to speak, she begg'd that we might make a Vow never to part more. But WISDOM, who saw further into the wonderful Ways of Providence, forbade this rash Resolution, and by convincing her that we were born for the Benefit of Mankind, shew-
ed

ed the Necessity of my being ready and willing to alleviate the Miseries of the World whenever I should be called upon.

I informed them of my Journey to *Barbary*, and the wretched Condition in which I found my Father and his Family.—WISDOM told me that he was acquainted with all their Transactions both before and since my Visit—that they had left *Barbary* and were now strolling about *Germany*, performing Interludes and exhibiting Puppet-shews, in Ridicule of our new Religion—that they had many blind Followers, and picked up a handsome Livelihood, though by very scandalous Means—that it would be highly proper to withdraw the annual Stipend I had allowed them, as it was wicked to support People who made so bad a Use of those excellent Talents which GOD had given them. I had received repeated Messages from PRUDENCE to return, and WISDOM advised me to depart privately, without distressing my Mother by taking Leave; which I did accordingly.



CHAP. V.

AS I am a great Enemy to Prolixity both in writing and speaking, I shall, in this Chapter, give a general Account of my Practice amongst Kings, Popes, Emperors, &c. without entering, (at least not at present) into the particular Circumstances of their Cases. I have been concerned for most if not all of them, and with tolerable good Success, considering every Thing. I should certainly

certainly have succeeded better if I might have had my own Way ; but alas ! it was not once in fifty Times that I had either the Opportunity or the Liberty to treat my Patients as I had done *Constantine*, tho' the Case required it ever so much, the settled Forms and Ceremonies in attending a Monarch, make very much against both the Patient and the Physician—the Ministry and great People about him are first to be informed of your Intentions and Method of Cure ; and if this suits not with their Opinion and Inclination, you are dismissed without going any further ; nay, to their Shame be it spoken, I have more than once suffered the Indignity of being kicked down Stairs by the Lords in waiting ; and this Treatment, I found afterwards, was not owing to any Objection they had to my Mode of Proceeding, but because they chose that their Monarch should remain as he was ; but I had like to have fared much worse, when I attended a certain northern Potentate ; the Grandees of the State had a great Mind to hang me, because I proposed to syringe the Ears of the king, who was so very deaf, that I could not make him understand a single Word I said to him. In my Attendance upon the Popes, I found myself more at Liberty in this Respect—the whole Conclave seemed very desirous that I should exercise all my medical Faculties ; and some of the oldest Cardinals begged me often, with Tears in their Eyes, to try any, even the most desperate Remedy, rather than suffer his Holiness to expose himself by those ungodly Passions. Of all the lunatic Popes that have been my Patients, I do not remember one who was not brought into that melancholy Situation, by Qualms of Conscience on the Score of Religion.—If any temporal Affair was the Subject, no Body talked more rationally or agreeably ; but touch the jarring String, and the Paroxysm instantly came on—then they began to mutter certain Words to themselves,

selves, which had no Relation to any Thing on Earth, or to the Waters under the Earth — such as Infallibility, Transubstantiation, &c. &c.

I had the Self-satisfaction, tho' not the Honour, of curing many of these Gentlemen ; for, strange as it may appear, when they were quite recovered, and had paid me the proper Acknowledgments ; they laid me under an Injunction not to promulgate it during their natural Lives ; but, on the contrary, to declare to the World, that I left them as I found them ; I kept my Word with them ; but I never attended another Pope after the Reformation by *Martin Luther*.

Thus having frequently been complimented with the Honour of curing Kings whom I never saw, and denied the Reputation I had actually deserved ; I began to perceive that the middle Path of Life was the Road to Preferment and Happiness.



C H A P. VI.

ARTS, Sciences, and Literature were again revived at this Time under the Auspices and Protection of a private Family at *Florence* called the *Medicis*. My Father and his Friends quitted their shameful Occupation, and changed their Quarters from *Germany* to *Italy*. Fortune was once more favourable to them—they were received with great Respect and Civility by all the better Sort of People, and in Return, they did

did every Thing in their Power to entertain and oblige. GENIUS, who could turn his Hand to any Thing, set about Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture ; in which, tho' it was so long since he had done any Thing in that Way, that it was quite new to him, he excelled all his Cotemporaries ; witness the Productions which are shewn us at this Day under the feigned Names of *Michael Angelo*, *Raphael* and *Titian*. My Father fell to his old Trade of scribbling, and wrote those Books which were given afterwards to *Tasso*, *Ariosto*, &c. These Atchievements gained them immortal Honour, in which VANITY came in for her Share. She had left her Robe de Chambre in *Germany*, and was now strutting about as gay as a Peacock. She had, indeed, some Reason to be proud, for the Duke of *Tuscany* was smitten with her Charms, and had been tampering with HUMOUR to negotiate the Business of obtaining her for a Mistress : The Duke tempted him with the Offer of a very considerable Place at Court. HUMOUR refused the Place, but undertook the Business ; he told the Duke, that he should be very glad to have the Honour of serving him in any Capacity that was suitable to his Character, that as he had not been used to a Court, and knew no Body there, he should be like a Fish out of Water ; that he should think himself extremely happy with a moderate Stipend, and the Liberty of living amongst his own Acquaintance : The Duke desired him to think and choose for himself ; that he should have any Thing he asked, but pressed him not to lose Time in managing this Affair, on which his Happiness intirely depended. HUMOUR immediately informed his Father and Mother of the Duke's Design, and they managed Matters so artfully, as to keep up the Fire of his Passion, by a continual Renovation of Hope, but succeeded by a perpetual Disappointment.

The

The frequent Repetition of their Tricks and Artifices, at length turned the Duke's Head, and I was sent for to him. My second Visit was to my Father and his Family, whom I congratulated on the extraordinary Change of their Condition, but (what is incredible after my Kindness to them) they affected not to know me.

VANITY looking upon me as a Person she had never seen before, said, with a Sneer, I suppose, Sir, you are the strange Doctor that was sent for to the Duke; pray Sir, how does he do? He is poisoned, Madam. Poisoned! says she; who could poison him? The same Person, Madam, that poisoned my Mother. She seemed a little disturbed with this Reply, but I left her to chew upon it.

I went to visit my Patient a second Time, and from thence to the Privy Council, who were waiting to know my Opinion of the Case. I told them that the Duke would do well, but that there was one Thing necessary to be done, which was to send VANITY out of the Country. Madam was forthwith ordered away, and HUMOUR chose to accompany her, for fear of being laid by the Heels for the Duplicity of his Behaviour to the Duke.

I forgot to mention before, that PRUDENCE came with me upon this Expedition, and that she had, upon our Arrival, got Intelligence of every Circumstance relative to the Duke's Insanity. The Advantage I found from her Conduct upon this Occasion, determined me never to go any where without her for the future.



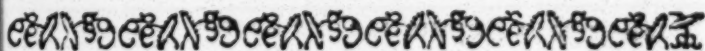
C H A P. VII.

THE Reformation in *Germany* by *Martin Luther*, had made great Advances. My Mother and WISDOM being deeply engaged in this Work, and having promoted the Protestant Cause with remarkable Ardour and Firmness, had created to themselves many and violent Enemies in the opposing Parties ; and this is the Reason why they have never since resided in any Country which has a Papist for its Sovereign. My Father and his Family were Free-Thinkers, and therefore did not trouble their Heads about ecclesiastic Disputes ; they preferred that Religion to all others, which allowed the greatest Indulgences.

I was now preparing to leave *Florence* ; VANITY and her Son HUMOUR were pack'd off ; and the Duke was recovered from his Insanity. PRUDENCE, who had not seen my Mother or WISDOM for many Years, was flattering herself with the Happiness she should enjoy in our intended Visit to them, when Dame *Fortune* turned Things topsy-turvy, and frustrated in a Moment our most sanguine Expectations. The Affair was this : The Duke had no sooner recovered his Senses, than he began to make Enquiry after VANITY ; the Lords in waiting did not know how to behave upon so critical an Occasion ; they gave him some evasive Answer, which served only to encrease his Suspicions ; he was determined to come to the Bottom of it. He called his Privy-Council together ; but before they met, a
certain

certain Nobleman, who had been at the Head of the last Administration, took an Opportunity to inform his Highness, that VANITY was banished *Florence* by my Advice, and by the Authority of his Ministry. The Duke went immediately to the Council-Chamber; dismissed the great Officers of State, and appointed others in their Places, of which the informing Nobleman before-mentioned was at the Head. The Loss of their Places was the only Punishment they suffered for the Offence against their Prince, but mine was much more severe. VANITY was forthwith recalled, and a Prosecution at Law was commenced against me by Order of Government. I was charged with high Crimes and Misdemeanors; the principal of which were, first, that I had given it as my Opinion in Council, that the Duke's Indisposition could not be cured without the Banishment of VANITY: Secondly, that I had declared his Highness had been poisoned by VANITY. To the first of these Charges I was advised by my Council to plead guilty, and save the Court the Trouble of entering into it; which might incline them to be favourable in their Sentence; as to the second Charge, I did not suppose it possible to bring any Proof to support it, for I was very sure that I had never said a Syllable upon the Subject, except the Hint I had given to VANITY, which was no Evidence at all; in short, the Trial came on, and when my Council put them to the Proof of what I was charged with in the second Indictment, to my great Astonishment, they produced a Paper on which was wrote, with my own Hand, the following Words, *Aug. 18, 1560, The Duke of Tuscany poisoned by VANITY.* The Judge upon the Bench was a Man of great Parts and Experience, his Abilities in the Law, and his Attachment to the reigning Prince, had made him very respectable at Court, and revered by the inferior Practitioners; to
the

the intire Satisfaction of whom, he had often exemplified, that the Success of a Cause did not so much depend on the Merits, as on the Management of the Jury ; and in this particular Instance, he took extraordinary Pains to make himself understood by the Gentlemen of the Jury, lest they should make some Mistake, and acquit the Delinquent whom he intended to punish. I was accordingly found guilty, and sentenced to pay a large Fine, and to suffer two Years Imprisonment. That the Reader may not remain in the Dark about the Paper Evidence on which I was convicted, it is necessary to tell him that it had been a Custom with me to make my daily Memorandums on loose Papers, and afterwards, at my Leisure, enter them into my Register. The Persons employed in managing the Prosecution against me, had got Intelligence of my Manner of going on, and therefore bribed my own Servant to steal my Papers, and so were wicked enough to make one Man a Thief, to convict another of Defamation.



C H A P. VIII.

I WAS conducted to Prison under a strong Guard, and amidst an infinite Croud of Spectators, who were very clamorous ; for they had taken it into their Heads, that the Hand of Power had directed the Hand of Justice to find me guilty : However true this might be, I took every Method I could think of to pacify them ; which, after some Time, had the desired Effect.

VANITY

VANITY was returned — she had been to Court—the Duke was again moved at her first Appearance, and indeed it would have been very extraordinary if he had not, for she was a Siren that no Body could listen to, without being infatuated by her Charms—the only Safeguard against her deceitful Allurements, was a thorough Consciousness of one's own Unworthiness. The Duke relapsed into his old Disorder, and I had an Intimation given me by a second-hand Courtier, that I might procure my Enlargement, by undertaking once more the Cure of his Highness; before I gave any Answer, I took Time to consider of it, and to consult with PRUDENCE, who I found was very much averse to the Proposal. What! says she, have you not been kicked down Stairs—threatened with hanging—fined and imprisoned? and will you again trust to the empty Promises of Ministers, who never keep their Word but when it coincides with their Interest? or can you depend upon a capricious Prince who acts more like a Madman when he is in his Senses than when he is out of them? no—'tis better to lose your Liberty for a few Months, than to run the Risque of losing your Reputation for ever.

Though I did not require Pressing to take the Part which PRUDENCE advised, yet, I confess, that I am always well pleased to find her Opinion agree with my own. I rejected all farther Treaty, and determined with myself to bear patiently the lingering Time of my cruel Captivity. I was here in this School of Adversity, at full Leisure to contemplate and moralize on the seeming Contradiction of human Nature—I looked back to that Time of Day, and those Places wherein Learning and the fine Arts were utterly unknown; there, said I, I met with naked Honesty and common Humanity, but here, where
polite

polite Literature and the Sciences have been carried to that Pitch, as to raise Man above himself and bring him nearer to the Deity—here, in this enlightened Country, I have been prosecuted as a Criminal, when I should have been rewarded as a Benefactor to the Prince and the Public; how can this be accounted for? surely, one would imagine that Refinement and Iniquity went Hand in Hand thro' the Universe. I was going on in this Reverie, when I was interrupted by a gentle Rap at my Door—I bad the Person walk in, and there entered a tall lank Figure of a Man, with a fallow Complexion and melancholy Countenance; but there was a certain Wildness in his Eye, which plainly denoted that all was not right within. I desired him to sit down; and as I knew him not, begg'd to be informed who he was, and how I came to be honoured with this Visit. He then, after making some handsome Apologies for the Intrusion, began in the following Manner.

‘ My Name, Sir, is *Michael Isterio*, of the City of *Sevil*; once the happiest Man in all *Spain*, but now the most miserable. I shall be as concise as possible in the Relation of my Story, without omitting those Circumstances which are necessary to form a proper Judgment of my Case. You must know, Sir, that when I arrived at the Age of nineteen, my Father signified to me, his Desire that I should marry; and at the same Time asked me, what I thought of *Teresa*, the Daughter of our Neighbour Don *Podrano*, for a Wife. I told him that I thought it impossible for any Person to dislike her, but that a Lady of her Beauty, Accomplishments and Fortune, could never condescend to think ——— Pshaw, pshaw, said my Father, you talk like a Simpleton; I have settled Matters with her Father already, who has promised to speak to his Daughter upon the Subject, as

D

Vol. I. ‘ soon

' soon as he hears from me that you approve of
 ' it. I'll be answerable for her Consent ; she
 ' would not dare to disoblige her Father ; I'll
 ' about it directly. My Father soon returned
 ' and acquainted me, that he had fixed the next
 ' Day for my visiting the Lady. But how, Sir,
 ' said I, if *Teresa* should, merely in Obedience to
 ' her Father, agree to give me her Hand without
 ' her Heart ? Or suppose she should at this very
 ' Time have a Passion for another ? Sir, said he,
 ' you may suppose what you please, but I sup-
 ' pose that if you meet with a favourable Re-
 ' ception To-morrow, your Supposes will all fall
 ' to the Ground. Here he left me to consider
 ' of it. My Father was a Man of good Under-
 ' standing, but had nothing of that Sensibility or
 ' Delicacy which are but too often the Source
 ' of our Miseries and Misfortunes. I knew very
 ' well that *Teresa* was greatly sought after, and
 ' that her Father's House was much frequented
 ' by several young Gentlemen, who far surpassed
 ' me in all those Qualifications that render Men
 ' amiable in the Eyes of the fair Sex. I had lit-
 ' tle Reason to expect that a Person of my cold
 ' reserved Behaviour, could be at all agreeable
 ' to a Lady of her lively Disposition. I own that
 ' I had long secretly sighed for this fair One, but
 ' should never have made it known, if my Fa-
 ' ther had not interposed his Authority and paved
 ' the Way for the Discovery. I waited for the
 ' approaching Hour of Appointment with Fear
 ' and Trembling ; and, if I might be allowed to
 ' guess at what Criminals feel when they are
 ' brought before their Judge, I should imagine
 ' it must resemble the Agitation of my Mind,
 ' upon my first Appearance before *Teresa*. When
 ' I left Home, I had settled my Plan of Address,
 ' and had formed a Conversation apropos to the
 ' Occasion, which I thought might be very easily
 ' introduced ; but when I came into her Pre-
 ' sence,

' fence, it all vanished instantly, and left me
 ' (deprived of Utterance) more like an in-animate
 ' Statue than a living Lover. To be sure my
 ' Behaviour was beyond Measure ridiculous ;
 ' she saw my Confusion, and did every Thing she
 ' could to relieve me. My Visit was very short ;
 ' I came away highly pleased with my Mistress's
 ' Conduct, but much dissatisfied with my own.
 ' However, I prosecuted my Suit, and found
 ' myself every Day more at my Ease, and *Teresa*
 ' still more charming. But, tho' her Behaviour
 ' to me was in every Respect irreproachable, I
 ' was so conscious of my own Imperfections in
 ' the Art of pleasing, that I was never thorough-
 ' ly convinced she had that Regard for me which
 ' a Husband is intitled to ; and yet Things were
 ' gone too far to retract ; nor indeed, did I wish
 ' to break it off, if I could have done it with
 ' Honour.

' My Father and Don *Pedrano* had settled the
 ' Marriage Articles, and fixed a Day for our
 ' Wedding ; In short, Sir, we were married,
 ' and I believe for the first six Months there
 ' never was a happier Couple. But, I don't
 ' know how, by Degrees, the Thoughts of my
 ' own Unworthiness recurred upon my Mind,
 ' and I have frequently, in expostulating with
 ' my Wife upon the Subject, expressed my Sur-
 ' prize, that a Woman possessed of every Per-
 ' fection both of Body and Mind, could throw
 ' herself away upon a Man so totally undeserving
 ' of her. Her Answer was always, that she had
 ' never once repented of what she had done,
 ' and that nothing could add to her Happiness,
 ' but seeing me so. This was kindly said to be
 ' sure ; but as it proved too much, it served
 ' only to encrease my Doubts, and I began to
 ' think that there must be Somebody or other
 ' that she liked better than myself. I set to

‘ Work directly to find it out. I told my Wife
 ‘ I was going out of Town for a few Days: I
 ‘ then disguised myself and went to every public Place which she frequented; and one
 ‘ Night at the Opera, I saw Don *Alonso* bow
 ‘ very familiarly to *Teresa*; it is true he is of
 ‘ our Acquaintance, but then I thought I saw
 ‘ something in his Manner of doing it, which
 ‘ had the Air of Intrigue: I was determined to
 ‘ watch his Motions; the next Morning I saw
 ‘ his Carriage stop at my Door. He did not get
 ‘ out, for my Wife was from Home, The
 ‘ Day following I met one of my own Servants
 ‘ (who did not know me) with a Letter in his
 ‘ Hand directed for Don *Alonso*; Friend, said
 ‘ I, you have a Letter I see for Don *Alonso*: I
 ‘ am going to his House and will save you the
 ‘ Trouble of carrying it. So taking the Letter,
 ‘ when he was out of Sight, I presently opened
 ‘ and read.

‘ S I R,

‘ I am not sorry that I was abroad when you
 ‘ did me the Honour to call Yesterday you’ll
 ‘ pardon me for being so indecorous, but I fear
 ‘ my Husband is grown suspicious of my Con-
 ‘ duct; must therefore beg you will not for
 ‘ the Future visit at our House, but when you
 ‘ are sure he is at Home.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T E R E S A.

‘ This sufficiently confirmed what I had sus-
 ‘ pected; I immediately prepared to follow Don
 ‘ *Alonso* to *Florence*, whether he was to set out
 ‘ for, the next Day, as Resident from the Court
 ‘ of *Spain*: I arrived here two Days ago, and
 ‘ sent him a Challenge, which he was cowardly
 ‘ enough

‘ enough to answer by a Peace-Officer, who
 ‘ brought me to this Prison, where I am to re-
 ‘ main until I ask Don *Alonso*’s Pardon. What
 ‘ would you advise me to ?

Here the Spaniard ended his Tale, and I dismissed him with this Admonition ; your Wife, Sir, is certainly chaste—your Suspicions are ill founded—you think too humbly of yourself, and too highly of other Men—the Lady who is the Cause of the Duke’s Disease, would presently cure your’s—a little Conversation with her, would convince you, that you are quite another Kind of Man from what you imagine—go—seek her out—throw yourself first in her way, and then at your Lady’s Feet, and be happy.

During my Confinement, I had many Patients whose Cases were so exceedingly singular, that a Description of them would look more like Invention than true History. I shall therefore, pass them over in Silence,



C H A P. IX.

A Little before the Expiration of my Imprisonment, I received a Letter from my Mother informing me that WISDOM and She were then in *England*, were they wished very much to see me—that they were become Favorites in that Court, and WISDOM was frequently consulted by the reigning Queen *Elizabeth*. I had no Inducement to make my Stay at *Florence*

D. 3.

longer

longer than needs must ; and therefore, as soon as I was at Liberty, I took my Departure for *England* on Board a *Genoese* Vessel. In our Passage, we passed by that very formidable Fleet called the Spanish Armada, which was destined for the Invasion of *England*. We arrived at *Dover* in 1588, from whence I set out directly for *London*. Here PRUDENCE and I had the Happiness of meeting again with my Mother and WISDOM in a Country and at a Time the most suitable to our respective Inclinations. I had nothing to do at Court, tho' I often went there, but to amuse myself—they did not stand in Need of my Assistance. My chief Employment, in my Profession, was in visiting the Fanaticks and Papists, of which the latter were, several Times, mad enough to attempt the Life of their lawful Sovereign ; this I was always so lucky as to prevent, though I could never thoroughly cure the Disease. At the Time of my Imprisonment in *Florence*, it seems my Father, GENIUS and HUMOUR made a Trip to *London*, where, upon their Arrival, they made an Acquaintance with a Person belonging to the Play-House ; this Man was a profligate in his Youth, and, as some say, had been a Deer-stealer, others deny it ; but be that as it will, he certainly was a Thief from the Time he was first capable of distinguishing any Thing ; and therefore it is immaterial what Articles he dealt in. I say, my Father and his Friends made a sudden and violent Intimacy with this Man, who, seeing that they were a negligent careless People, took the first Opportunity that presented itself, to rob them of every Thing he could lay his Hands on, and the better to conceal his Theft, he told them, with an affected Concern, that one Misfortune never comes alone—that they had been actually informed against, as Persons concerned in an assassination Plot, now secretly carrying on by

Mary

Mary Queen of Scots, against the *Queen of England*, that he knew their Innocence, but they must not depend upon that—nothing but quitting the Country could save them. They took his Word and marched off forthwith for *Holland*. As soon as he had got fairly rid of them, he began to examine the Fruits of his Ingenuity. Amongst my Father's Baggage, he presently cast his Eye upon a common place Book, in which was contained, an infinite Variety of Modes and Forins, to express all the different Sentiments of the human Mind, together with Rules for their Combinations and Connections upon every Subject or Occasion that might occur in Dramatic Writing. He found too in a small Cabinet, a Glass, possessed of very extraordinary Properties, belonging to GENIUS and invented by him; by the Help of this Glass he could, not only approximate the external Surface of any Object, but even penetrate into the deep Recesses of the Soul of Man—could discover all the Passions, and note their various Operations in the human Heart. In a Hat-box, wherein all the Goods and Chattles of HUMOUR were deposited, he met with a Mask of curious Workmanship, it had the Power of making every Sentence that came out of the Mouth of the Wearer, appear extremely pleasant and entertaining—the jocular Expression of the Features was exceedingly natural, and it had nothing of that shining Polish common to other Masks, which is too apt to cast disagreeable Reflections.

In what Manner he had obtained this illgotten Treasure was unknown to every Body but my Mother, WISDOM, and Myself; and we should not have found it out, if the Mask, which upon all other Occasions is used as a Disguise, had not made the Discovery. The Mask of HUMOUR was our old Acquaintance, but we agreed, tho'

much against my Mother's Inclination, to take no Notice of the Robbery, for we conceived that my Father and his Friends would easily recover their Loss, and were likewise apprehensive that we could not distress this Man without depriving his Country of its greatest Ornament.

With these Materials, and with good Parts of his own, he commenced Play-Writer; how he succeeded is needless to say, when I tell the Reader that his name was *Shakespear*.



CHAP. X.

TH^{O'} WISDOM was in high Estimation at this Court, and had the Satisfaction of seeing his Advice and Opinions in general pursued both by the Queen and her Administration, yet there were many Things which displeased him; he plainly perceived that my Mother was not always treated with that Respect which was due to a Woman of her Character. The Storm, which was then brewing up against the unfortunate *Mary Queen of Scots*, in particular gave much Umbrage to my Mother. They withdrew from Court, and retired to a remote Part of the Country, where they remained till a violent Death at length put an End to the complicated Miseries of that unhappy Princess.

My Father and his Family were but ill off in *Holland*; a Country whose sole Attention was fixed on acquiring Riches by Trade and Industry, had

had very little Relish for the Performances of my Father or the Works of GENIUS; the People of *Amsterdam* looked upon those of *London* and *Paris* as Madmen in encouraging such useleſs Animals. However, HUMOUR, tho' he had loſt his Mask, put a good Face upon the Matter, and often rallied their Misfortunes ſo agreeably, that they found a certain Portion of Adverſity was no bad Ingredient towards the Composition of Happineſs. VANITY was ſtill at *Florence*, and the Duke remained in the ſame Situation I left him; but the Contagion beginning to ſpread itſelf among the Nobility, the common People began to grow clamorous, and were determined to remove the Cauſe before the Evil became general; they took the Opportunity, when VANITY was going to the Opera, to ſeize her, and carry her on Board a Veſſel provided for the Purpoſe, and ſo ſhipped her off for *Amsterdam*, where ſhe arrived to the great Joy of the noble Family before mentioned; this Acquiſition to the Triumvirate, was regarded by that Republic as a Calamity to the State, which they ſoon made appear by diſcountenancing VANITY wherever ſhe came; the bad Reception they met with, and the decreaſing Situation of their Finances obliged them to form ſome Plan by which they might conceal their Perſons, and recruit their common Purſe; they called a Council, and it was preſently agreed, to take up the antient but ignoble Trade of Fortune-telling. It muſt be acknowledged that there never were four People better qualified for ſuch an Undertaking. They immediately changed their Quarters to another Part of the City, where my Father and GENIUS aſſumed the exterior Appearance of ſecond-ſighted Egyptians juſt arrived from Grand *Cairo*. VANITY pulled off her Patches and new dreſſed herſelf—HUMOUR added two Pair of Breeches to thoſe he had on already; and

thus equipped, they passed for a Trader and his Wife, newly come from *Rotterdam*; they had likewise other Habits and Disguises suitable to the different Characters they were to represent; my Father acted the Part of the Doctor, and GENIUS in an outward Room, condescended to play his Servant, in which to acquit himself well, required Abilities equal to his Master. The Business of VANITY and HUMOUR was to insinuate themselves among the People, and to come at the private Histories of different Families. My Father and GENIUS began their Conjuración by publishing flaming Hand-bills, setting forth not only their former Predictions, but foretelling Things both of a private and public Nature, which were to happen and actually did so in the Space of a few Days. These Events gained them great Credit in their Profession; the People being unacquainted with their Abilities, and the Confederacy which was carried on, looked upon their Performances as something preternatural; they had great Variety of Customers, whose Credulity at once filled their Pockets and afforded them much Entertainment; they went on for some Time with prodigious Success, 'till an untoward Accident intirely blew up their Plan of Operations, and demolished them Root and Branch; the Affair was this; A Lady, neither young nor handsome, who had been crossed in Love some Years before, was desirous of knowing if ever she should marry, and to whom. My Father told her, that she would, in three Days, at such a Place and Hour, meet a Person who would salute her in a very civil Manner; that he was a Venetian Nobleman of very high Rank, and would be soon DOGE of *Venice*; that it must be her own Fault if she did not marry him. The Lady departed vastly pleased with her Destiny, and HUMOUR was ordered to hold himself in Readiness to Act the Venetian

Venetian at the Time appointed. The Lady did not fail being at the Rendezvous; and HUMOUR accotting her with an Air of Consequence mixed with Kindness, declared that he had never till that Moment seen the Woman that could make him happy—he begged to have the Honour of drinking Coffee with her at her own House that Afternoon—the Lady consented, and every Thing passed at this Meeting, to the Satisfaction of both Parties. But when HUMOUR took his Leave, at that very Instant a Relation of the Lady's entered, who asked her immediately who the Gentleman was that went out. She told him it was a Venetian Nobleman—that a Venetian Nobleman! replied the Relation, (laughing) by Heavens, he's a common Sailor—I saw him Yesterday in a Jacket and Trowsers; there is something so peculiarly jocular in his Face, that I should know him amongst a thousand. In short, the Gentleman was so positive in his Assertion, that the Lady at last confessed she had been to the Conjuror, and every Thing relative to that Transaction. The Gentleman without Delay applied to a Magistrate, who granted his Warrant for apprehending them. It happened very unlucky that they should be detected on that Day, for they intended to have left *Holland* the next. And this last Stroke of their Art was not meant to be carried into Execution, but merely to see how far the Lady's Faith would extend. When the Officer went to execute his Warrant, he found them in a Burst of Laughter at the Account HUMOUR had been given them of his Reception: but as soon as they perceived the Paper of Authority, they all changed Countenance; and what added to their Mortification, the Officer obliged them to go along with him, habited as they were, thro' the Streets to the House of Correction. My Father in his Conjuror's Dress marched first;

GENIUS

GENIUS as his Servant followed him; VANITY in the Apparel of a Burgo-Master's Wife went next, and the noble Venetian brought up the Rear. Indeed they were not closely confined like Criminals, nor did they receive any corporal Punishment, but they were informed that they could not be releas'd without getting some Persons of Credit to appear to their Characters, and giving Security for their future good Behaviour. This they knew was impossible to procure in that Country, for they had not a single Friend in the whole united Provinces. They were therefore under a Necessity of applying elsewhere; and for that Purpose drew up the following Petition, which was address'd to all Kings, Potentates and Princes of every Denomination; and to all others of any Rank and Condition whom it may Concern.

The Humble Petition of WIT, GENIUS, VANITY and HUMOUR,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners have from Time to Time, and at all Times, been ready and willing to serve Mankind in General to the best of their Abilities; that they have by their Influence and Management, frequently rais'd common Men to crown'd Heads, and reduced crown'd Heads to common Men, according to the Will of their Patrons and Employers—that in Trials at Law, they have convicted many innocent Men of Murder, and have acquitted the guilty; that in Matters of Property, they have often deceived the Judges, confounded the Jury, and turned the Stream of Justice out of its natural Course (in Spite of all legal Evidence) to the great Satisfaction of their Clients, and to the Astonishment of every Stander-by; that they have never made the least Objection when they were called
upon

upon, to excite the People to Rebellion against their King ; to sow Sedition in national Assemblies, or to create Discord and Differences in private Families, even at the Expence of their own Reputations ; that your Petitioners at present lie under the disgraceful Circumstance of being confined, for a trifling Misdemeanor, in a Prison at *Amsterdam* : from whence they hope to be released by the kind Interposition of some well disposed Persons ; and your Petitioners shall ever pray.

This Petition was dispersed through every capital City in *Europe*, and many were the Competitors for setting the Petitioners at Liberty ; for there was scarcely one sovereign Prince at that Time of Day, who did not stand in Need of their Assistance. But whether the Dutch chose rather to make that their own Act and Deed, which they must have been shortly compelled to do ; or whether they were afraid of making such formidable People their Enemies, I know not ; but it is certain that they dismissed the Prisoners with great Civility, and discharged the Magistrate, who had committed them, from his Office, to shew their Disapprobation of the Insult which had been offered them.



C H A P. XI.

MY Mother and WISDOM were long since returned to *London* ; during their Absence, many extraordinary Events had been brought about, which gave them both great Uneasiness. WISDOM, indeed, was too much the Philosopher not to be reconciled to the slippery Dealings of Dame *Fortune*, and to take the motley World as he found it, but it was not so with my Mother. Certainly no Woman was ever worse calculated to live in a great City, where false Reports are daily propagated and supported to serve some vile Purpose—where *Vice prevails and impious Men bear sway* ; and where modest Merit turned out of Doors, to make Room for bare-faced Flattery and impudent Assertion. These were Things which my Mother could never hear with Patience, and, I think, she took them too much to Heart ; for though the Parties were intire Strangers to her, she could not help being grievously affected by it ; for which WISDOM oft n rebuked her, but it did not make the least Alteration in her Conduct. PRUDENCE advised her to quit this Scene of Noise and Iniquity, and retire to some unfrequented Solitude, whither she offered to accompany her. But this Scheme was objected to both by WISDOM and myself ; he could not bear the Thoughts of parting with my Mother, nor could I think of living without PRUDENCE.

Soon

Soon after the good Queen *Elizabeth* drew her last Breath, and relinquished her earthly Crown for one more glorious in the Regions of Bliss and Happiness, my Mother was seized with a violent Fever, from which however she escaped with Life, but it deprived her of her Speech; that is, it left such a Hoarseness that she could only speak in a Whisper. This Malady continued throughout the whole Reign of *James* the First; but tho' this was a mortifying Circumstance to her, it was rather a fortunate one to our Family, to whom only she could whisper her Grievances. If she had been able to speak out, she would have met with so many provoking Occasions for her Resentment, at this Time, that I don't know what might have been the Consequence to her Family. We took all possible Precaution to keep from her Knowledge every Piece of Intelligence that might give her Offence; but the infamous and cruel Treatment which was inflicted upon our Friend and Favourite Sir *Walter Raleigh*, made such a Noise in the World, that my Mother must have been deaf and dumb not to have heard it. She silently lamented this poor Gentleman's hard Fate, and PRUDENCE could not help owning that her Sorrow was well founded.

Upon the Accession of *Charles* the first to the Throne of *England*, my Mother recovered her Voice; and, as if she meant to make Amends for her lost Time, she flew about, and visited all public Places. In the House of Commons, those celebrated Speeches made at the Beginning of this Reign, in Opposition to the arbitrary Proceedings of the Crown, were directed by WISDOM and supported by her. With such powerful Advocates, it is no Wonder that the patriotic Party carried their Point: but, as it too often happens, the Success of their Negotiations began to intoxicate.

icate the Minds of the People, and gave an Opening to those crafty designing Men, who, under the Mask of Religion, overturned the State, and changed the Form of Government; at the Intercession of PRUDENCE, I acted the Part of a Moderator between the King and his Subjects, and endeavoured to conquer the inflammatory Disorder before it reached the vital Parts; but notwithstanding copious Bleedings and many Medicines were administered, the Brain was distempered, and I found that nothing but taking off the *Head* of the Constitution could save the *Body* from a total Mortification. But as this was a Remedy which Humanity forbade me to recommend, I kept my Opinion to myself, and left my Patient in the Hands of some certain bold Practitioners, who soon afterwards performed the Operation without the least Degree of Feeling or Remorse.



C H A P. XII.

THE Commonwealth, which followed the fatal Catastrophe of King *Charles* the first, every one knows, was distracted for some Time, with civil Commotions both in Church and State; until that Master-piece of Cunning and Dissimulation, *Oliver Cromwell*, quieted all, by usurping the Regal Authority, with the Scriptures in one Hand, and the Sword in the other. My Mother, who was at the Beginning of the last Reign, remarkably alert and vivacious, had, towards the End of it, lost all her Spirits; she was bore down by the Torrent of Abuse and impudent Falshoods, which the Regicides themselves had the Assurance

to alledge in Justification of their bloody Proceedings. WISDOM used many Arguments with my Mother to reconcile her to the Necessity of the Times. Amongst others, he told her that *Charles* was certainly an honest Man, an indulgent Father, and good Christian; that *Cromwell* was none of these, but that he possessed in a very high Degree, all those Qualities which are requisite in the Composition of a great Prince; that *England* would derive Good out of this Evil, which must furnish a lasting Lesson to all future Monarchs, how they attempt to extend their Prerogative, to the Prejudice of the Liberties of their Subjects.

Upon the Death of the Protector, or rather at the Restoration of Monarchy, which happened soon after, Things wore a very different Aspect; a new Scene presented itself to all *Europe*; Pride, Cant, and Hypocrisy retired to make Room for Intrigue, Luxury and Obscenity; the Psalm-singing Times of *Oliver* were changed to the dancing Days of *Charles* the second; the People had been sick and surfeited with the outward and visible Signs of Religion in the Commonwealth, and were therefore now determined to preserve no Sign or Appearance of it at all.

My Mother and WISDOM went to *Holland*, at the Invitation and earnest Request of *De Wit* their Friend, and at that Time, a leading Man in the Republic. My Father and his Family, after they had been honourably discharged from their Confinement, made the best of their Way for *France*, where they lived rather sparingly than splendidly, till *Lewis* the fourteenth came of Age, who, falling desperately in Love with VANITY, took her into Keeping, and never parted with her to his dying Day. Tho' this Prince had as many Concubines as King *Solomon*,
yet

yet none was so great a Favourite, or had such absolute Power over him as VANITY :—Witness his stupendous Buildings, magnificent Shews and public Entries ; the Thousands and Ten Thousands which he slew or caused to be slain, and all to satisfy her Pride and Ambition. My Father's Affairs, by this Connection, were put in a flourishing Situation. As soon as he heard that my Mother and WISDOM had left *London*, his Friend GENIUS and he repaired thither. They were exceedingly well received at that Court, and very soon became the Darlings of *Charles* and his Associates. But it turned out afterwards, that their Journey to *London*, was not merely to gratify their Inclinations at that gay Court. They were employed as the secret Agents or rather Spies of *Lewis* about the Person of *Charles*, who was too much absorbed in Pleasure ever to have suspected their real Designs. VANITY furnished them with proper Instructions from Time to Time, how to act ; and HUMOUR performed the Part of a regular Courier betwixt *Paris* and *London*. This Business had been going on for some Time, when I one Day met HUMOUR in the Streets of *London*, disguised in the Habit of a Dutch Skipper ; he would have avoided me, but when he found that I was determined he should acknowledge me, he excused his Shyness, by saying that he really supposed his passing me by unnoticed, would be very agreeable to me, as he well remembered that I had formerly laid such an Injunction upon him. I owned that was very true, but at the same Time I reminded him that we had been upon good Terms ever since that little Misunderstanding, and therefore he must have some other Reasons for endeavouring to conceal himself from me, which however, I did not desire to be acquainted with. I then congratulated him on the brilliant Figure his Father

made

made in the British Court, and on the valuable Attachment of his Mother to the *French King*. He told me, that he was just come from *Holland*, which I might perceive by his Dress, and that he should set out for *Paris* in a few Days to visit his Mother. I begged the Favour of troubling him with a Line to his Mother, and so we parted.

I could easily discern from the Duplicity of his Behaviour, that there was some Negotiation carrying on, which I was not to be informed of, and my Design in writing to VANITY, was to extract the Secret from her, which I thought probable enough, as she was naturally ostentatious and fond of shewing her Consequence and Authority. I had not once set Eyes on my Father or GENIUS, since their Arrival in *England*, which was not at all extraordinary; for PRUDENCE and I, during this whole Reign, had never been at Court, and my Father and GENIUS had seldom been out of it. The Manners and Customs of the People in General, were very conformable to the profligate Conduct of their Superiors; and verified to a Tittle, what the Poet says;

Regis ad Exemplum, totus componitur Orbis.

Their King's Example, Subjects follow,
As Hounds will cry, when Huntsmen hollow.

Sick of these national Vices and public Calamities, and urged by a strong Desire of visiting my Mother and WISDOM, we turned our Thoughts towards *Holland*. It happened very opportunely for us, that our good Friend Sir *William Temple*, was just upon his Departure for that Place, in a public Character. I mentioned our Intentions to him, and told him I should be ready to attend him the Moment I had heard from

from *France*, which I expected every Hour. The very next Day, HUMOUR left a Packet at my House directed for me, the Size of which surprized me a good deal. Upon opening it, I found a large Plan of Instructions for forming a Treaty of Peace between *France*, *Spain*, the United Provinces and *England*; it likewise contained the following short Letter.

My dearest Life,

‘ SINCE my last, *Lewis* has made an Alteration in his Scheme of Politics, as you will perceive by the inclosed Instructions. The States general must be crushed—and *Charles* too, if it can be done with Safety to *France*—push the Establishment of the Catholic Religion as much as possible—*James* will assist you in it. But above all Things mind your own Interest, as you regard the Love and Esteem of

Your's for ever,

VANITY.

It was pretty plain from the Contents of this Letter, that the Packet was intended for my Father, tho' by Mistake directed to me; and we must suppose that there was a Billet meant by the Writer, for me, which was addressed to my Father. I hastened immediately to Sir *William* and communicated the whole Affair, when we agreed to seal up the Packet and send it to my Father; and, without waiting for my supposed Letter, to set out directly for *Holland*. Sir *William*, by being possessed of their private Plan of Operations, was the better enabled to defeat them. How he succeeded in his Negotiation at the *Hague* is sufficiently well known. This Blunder must necessarily convince my Father that I was now no Stranger to the Machinations carrying on between

between *London* and *Paris*. He knew that I was gone to *Holland*, and that our Family were engaged in the Support of the States general—He forthwith meditated a Blow, which might at once totally annihilate the Dutch Nation, and involve us in the common Ruin. To accomplish this humane Project, he set VANITY to work upon *Lewis*—it was no sooner said than done—every one knows how the low Countries were over-run by an immense French Army—the Devastation they made—and the Cruelties they committed, whilst *Charles*, intoxicated with the Fumes of Debauchery, remained a tame Spectator of the impending Ruin of his natural Allies, and *James* contributed every Thing in his Power to compleat their Destruction. But it so happened that the same Man, who at this Time gained immortal Honour by saving his Country, did, some Years afterwards, wrest the Scepter out of the Hands of *James*, whom Providence never intended for the Ruler over a free People.

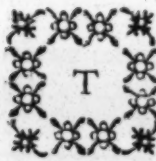
Upon the Demise of *Charles* the second, my Father and GENIUS returned to *France*; and our Family came over with the glorious Prince of *Orange*, to *England*, a little before the Abdication of that despotic Papist, *James* the second.

BOOK



B O O K III.

C H A P. I.


 HE Operations and Influence of VANITY upon the Mind of *Lewis* the fourteenth, began to shew itself in the most extraordinary Manner; he was now mad enough to think of giving Laws to all *Europe*: He sent out his Fleets and Armies to conquer Nations and Kingdoms, which he could not keep, at the Expence of the Blood and Treasure of his own Country. The Distresses which these *Quixote* Schemes brought upon the French Nation, put the sensible and thinking Part of the People upon trying every Expedient that might possibly divert their Monarch from his ambitious Pursuits. The reigning Favourites for the Time being, *Madams Valier*, *Montespan* and *Scarron*, were engaged in the Interest of those who wished to restore Peace and Plenty to their starving Countrymen—they used all their Arts and racked their Inventions to furnish rational Entertainments and social Amusements for *Lewis*, but they met with such Opposition from those in the War Department, who grew fat on the Spoils of the Public, together with the Ascendancy which VANITY still retained

tained over him, that all their Endeavours proved ineffectual. The last Effort they made towards relieving the general Distress, and recovering the King, was the forming an Association of all the first People who were independant of the Court. This they called the *Committee of Grievances*: and here they came to a Resolution to invite me over to *France*, and to make me great Offers if I would attend his Majesty in my Physical Capacity; but I excused myself by saying, that I could be of no Service to him, without having free Access to his Person, which, I apprehended, was impossible, unless the present great Officers of State were removed. VANITY, who had secret Intelligence of all that passed in their Committee, took special Care to frustrate every Attempt to change the Administration. So this Stratagem fell to the Ground, and the War was continued with greater Fury than ever.

That Accidents will befall Mankind, in Spite of all the Guard and Precaution that human Knowledge is capable of, the following Anecdote of myself will sufficiently evince.

It was just after I had sent back my Answer to the Invitation I had received from the Committee of Grievances in *France*, that my Mother, WISDOM, PRUDENCE and myself, were talking and moralizing on the Subject of ambitious Princes; when a hard Rap at the Door put a Stop to our Conversation. The Servant entered and told me there was a Clergyman at the Door in a Coach, who begged the Favour to speak with me if I was at Leisure. I bad him shew the Gentleman in, and proper Compliments being past, he told me that he had the Honour to be Chaplain to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*—that he was ordered by his Grace to present his best Respects to me, and that he should be much obliged

obliged to me if I would call upon him that Evening. I expressed my Concern that my old Friend should have any Occasion for me, and then enquired into the Cause of his Indisposition; the Chaplain replied that His Grace went out in the Morning very well, to the Cabinet Council, but whether it was owing to any Disagreement or Altercation that might have happened there, or what it really was he could not tell; but that it is certain he came Home much disturbed in his Mind, and that he muttered to himself my Name frequently; upon which, says the Chaplain, I asked His Grace if he would have you sent for; yes, says he, I should be glad if you would fetch him, but I would not have any of the Servants in the Family know it, therefore take a Hackney Coach and go instantly. When the Chaplain had done speaking, I told him I was ready to attend him—we got into the Coach, and away we drove up one Street and down another, but to my Thinking (for it was very dark) we did not approach at all towards the Archbishop's, at which I expressed my Surprise to the Chaplain, who said it is very true, Sir, I forgot to tell you that his Grace is gone to a Friend's House, to meet you, to avoid being suspected. At length the Coach stopped, and we entered the House through a long Passage, which led to a small Parlour, where the Chaplain left me, and said he would acquaint his Grace that I was come; when I was left alone, I began to survey the Room I was in, which I found so shabbily furnished, that I could not help wondering where I was got to, and how the Archbishop could make Choice of such a Place to meet me at; but perhaps, said I to myself, the poor Gentleman is disordered in his Mind, and that will account for every Thing. I then set down again and waited contentedly for a full Hour, without seeing or hearing a living Creature. My Patience being quite

quite exhausted, I knocked upon the Floor with my Cane (for there was no Bell in the Room) when in came a Man, whom, by his Dress and Appearance, I should have judged to be a low Kind of Tradesman. I desired to know whether his Grace was still in the House, or gone Home again, and why I was detained so long without seeing him; he answered, with a Smile upon his Countenance, that his Grace was not here—that he wished with all his Heart he was, both for his sake and my own, because he would have been a good Companion for me, and he should have been well paid for his Keeping. At these Words I perceived that I had been trepanned into some Place of Confinement, and, upon asking him what was become of the Clergyman that accompanied me thither, he stopped me short by saying, God bless your Honour, he is no more a Clergyman than I am—in short Sir, you are my Prisoner, and so make yourself as easy as you can—you shall want for nothing that this Town affords—give your Orders, and they shall be obeyed; but you must not expect to know from me why or wherefore you are brought here—all I am allowed to tell you, is, that your Confinement will not be long. Here my Jailor withdrew, and left me to ruminate on this extraordinary Event. PRUDENCE was not surprised that I did not return that Night, because she imagined I staid to sit up with the Archbishop; but, when she sent in the Morning, how great was her Astonishment to hear I had never been there; and, as I never went upon a Journey without acquainting her with it, she concluded some Misfortune must have happened to me; in short, after many Days had passed, and no Tidings of me, my Relations and Friends began to give me over for lost,—I was the general Topic of the whole Town, and there were a Thousand different Stories raised, as is customary upon these Occasions.

My Mother and PRUDENCE were ready to run wild about it, and WISDOM with all his Philosophy, could not help shewing visible Marks of Concern. He applied to Government, and got the Secretary of State to publish the following Advertisement by Authority.

‘ WHEREAS an Impostor, who assumed the Character of Chaplain to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, did, on *Thursday* the fifth Instant, at seven in the Evening, come to the House of COMMON-SENSE, and then and there did request the said COMMON-SENSE to go along with him to visit the Archbishop ; which was accordingly complied with. Now the said COMMON-SENSE having never been heard of since that Evening, his Friends are under the most alarming Apprehensions for his Safety. And His Majesty, out of his wonted Goodness and Humanity, and from a personal Regard to so useful a Member of Community, doth hereby offer a Reward of five Hundred Pounds to any Person or Persons who shall discover and bring to Justice the Impostor aforesaid. And His Majesty further offers his most gracious Pardon to any others who may have been unwarily drawn in to be concerned in this Transaction, and are not willing to give Information thereof; the Impostor aforesaid, only excepted. Given at *White-Hall* this Fourteenth Day of *November*. 1700, by his Majesty's Command.

NOTTINGHAM.

N. B. The Impostor had on, a Clergyman's Gown and Cassock ; is about five Feet eight Inches ; has a long sharp Nose, a Pale Complexion, black piercing Eyes, and dark Eye-Brows.

While

While this Advertisement was circulating about the World, the Town shewed their Ingenuity by their curious Conjectures, about what was become of me ; but the strangest Report of all was, that, as I had been a known and avowed Enemy to the Catholic Religion, the Pope had hired some Ruffians to kidnap me and carry me off ; and to corroborate this Opinion, they observed that I was missing on the fifth of *November*, which was the very same Day the Popish Plot was discovered in the Reign of *James* the first.

However merry the People were pleased to make themselves with my Misfortune, I certainly passed my Time miserably enough ; having no Body to converse with but my Jailor, who, to do him Justice, behaved better than most Men of his Rank and Occupation generally do.

When I had been in this Situation about three Weeks, my Jailor came into my Room one Evening with a chearful Countenance, and told me that the Hour of my Deliverance was at Hand—that he had Orders to set me at Liberty, and was ready to wait upon me to a Coach whenever I pleased. The Reader may suppose that I did not make the Gentleman wait longer than was necessary to get my Hat and Cane. So we set out, and after walking some Time in the Dark, I found we were got into Cheapside, opposite to a Stand of Coaches, one of which he immediately called, and putting me into it, without saying a Word, bad the Coachman drive to my House, and then wished me a good Night. When my Jailor had left me, I ordered the Coachman to drive to a certain obscure Coffee-house where I was not known ; from whence I sent a Line to PRUDENCE, signifying my Approach, which might prevent any violent Emotions of Joy in my

Mother, on my sudden Appearance. Before my Arrival at Home, which was within an Hour of my writing to PRUDENCE, the News of my Return was spread over Half the Town; and, in two Hours more, the Publick did me the Honour to testify their general Joy by the Ringing of Bells, Bonfires &c. The first four or five Days were intirely taken up in receiving the congratulatory Visits of my Friends, and many others to whom I was not the least known before; but it was now become the Fashion to shew Respect to me (as they called it) and I was therefore obliged to bear with their Impertinence. This publick Respect, which would have made some Men proud, was soon succeeded by a Species of Scurrility, that would have made some Men angry. They had neither of these Effects upon me. It seems the Town began to criticise the History of my Adventure; and they could by no Means reconcile it to Probability, that a Man should decoy me away, confine me for three Weeks, pay my Expences during that Time, then set me at Liberty, and all this, for no one Reason that any Body could find out.

This Objection being started, was soon improved into a universal Belief that I had purposely concealed myself, and that my Relations had invented a Canterbury Tale about the Archbishop's Chaplain, to see how it would operate upon the People, and to try whether the King and Government would interest themselves in my Behalf. My Mother was much scandalized, and made very uneasy, by these malicious Insinuations: But a few Days cleared up the whole Affair to the Satisfaction of every one, except those who had been very industrious in propagating the Report, and were now afraid of being laughed at for their Ingenuity.

This

This Discovery was made by the following Letter from Madam *Scarron* to my Mother.

‘ MADAM,

‘ Though I have not the Honour of knowing
‘ you, I have always most earnestly wished for
‘ that Happiness; Fortune has disposed of me
‘ otherwise; I am destined to pass my Days in a
‘ Court, where you seldom or ever come. But,
‘ that I may not appear altogether unworthy of
‘ your Notice, I here send you a Piece of Intel-
‘ ligence, which must be very acceptable to you,
‘ as it will vindicate the Character of your Son,
‘ from the slanderous Imputation thrown out
‘ against him. You must know then, Madam,
‘ that, as soon as the Committee of Grievances
‘ had sent for your Son to attend our Monarch,
‘ VANITY, that Rival to my Happiness in the
‘ Heart of *Lewis*, dispatched GENIUS to
‘ *London*. I immediately concluded some Mis-
‘ chief was going forwards, and therefore em-
‘ ployed a trusty Friend to intercept any Letter
‘ from *England* that was directed to VANITY.
‘ He executed his Commission punctually, and
‘ brought me the inclosed, by which you will see
‘ who it was that personated the Chaplain to the
‘ Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Paris, Dec.
6th. 1700.

I am,

Your's, &c.

E. Scarron,

E 3

‘ MADAM.

‘ MADAM,
 ‘ I Thought it was needless to acquaint you
 ‘ that COMMON-SENSE was in Custody at
 ‘ your Suit—the News would reach you by
 ‘ twenty other Ways, as soon as if I had wrote—
 ‘ you would have laughed to have seen how de-
 ‘ mure I looked in my Clergyman’s Habit—I
 ‘ took the Precaution to black my Eye-brows
 ‘ and alter my Voice, for Fear my old Friends
 ‘ should know me. As you are now under no
 ‘ Apprehensions of his visiting the King, I have
 ‘ discharged him—it has been an expensive Job ;
 ‘ I was obliged to pay his Jailor well for keeping
 ‘ the Secret, the King of *England* having offered
 ‘ to large a Reward for discovering it.

I am, Madam,

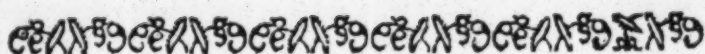
London, Nov.
27. 1700.

Your’s, &c.

GENIUS.

These Letters being immediately published,
 the People as soon changed their Sentiments, and
 were so exasperated against GENIUS, that they
 would have torn him to Pieces if they could have
 found him ; but the Bird was flown—he had
 made his Escape to *France*.

C H A P.



C H A P. II.

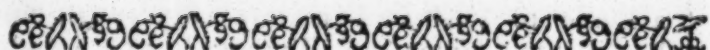
OF all the Frailties incident to human Nature, there is none so commonly met with as that brain-fed Fancy, CREDULITY; every Individual has a Spice of it; we are all too apt to be warp'd into a Belief that those Things will come to pass, which our sanguine Wishes spur us on to expect; and tho' Probability be ever so much against us, Self-Conceit stands Centry at the Door—shuts up every Avenue, by which Reason might enter, and we enjoy the swelling Bubble 'till it bursts. The credulous Man, abstractly and unconnected with Mankind, is a harmless inoffensive Creature; but; when mixed with the Community, if he happen to have a lively Imagination and an alluring Tongue, he becomes a more dangerous Animal than a mad Ox in a Croud; he improves a gentle Hint into an absolute Certainty, and from a small Spark kindles such a Flame, as all the Engines of Understanding cannot presently extinguish. But, that the uninformed Reader may not misunderstand me, by confounding Credulity with Faith, I will beg leave to explain myself. Credulity is the Child of Irrationality, and the Parent of Fiction; Faith is the Offspring of Judgment, and the Mother of Religion; the former is the Produce of moral Crudities; the latter, the Fruit of a good Digestion. There are innumerable Examples to support this Doctrine; and the Reader would go before me, if I were disposed to trouble him with them. Yet there is one, which falling under my physical Capacity, I cannot forbear taking Notice

of. In a Treatise on the Venereal Disease, published not long ago, we find the following Observation.

‘ I have not only seen the Disease (meaning a Gonorrhæa) recur with all the Symptoms of its first Stage, in Consequence of a Turtle Feast ; but have once known a Running with Inflammation brought on by the same Means, in a sober married Man, who had been free from Infection many Years ; at least I could not trace it to any other Source.’

This is surely a curious Specimen of artless Credulity. How would the Men of Faith have behaved upon this Occasion? The Man of Faith, who requires not mathematical Demonstration for his Belief, provided that there are the Appearances of Truth to support it, would, in this Case, have concluded that the Venereal *Virus* was produced by the common ordinary Methods of female Intercourse. But the Man of Credulity, delighting in every Thing that is surprizing and unaccountable, chose rather to give Credit to the Assertion of the *sober married Man*, and his not-to-be-suspected Wife ; and therefore laid the Blame upon the harmless innocent Turtle, who could not possibly deny the Charge brought against him.

Whether the Author had any Quarrel with the Proprietors of the Sugar Colonies ; or whatever was his Motive for aspersing the Characters of those nutritious Natives of *America*, I know not, but certainly the Hypothesis is singular. I beg Pardon for this Digression, which I was led into from reflecting on the Contrariety of Conjectures formed upon my Adventure in the last Chapter.



C H A P. III.

KING *William*, the glorious Deliverer of his Country, had now been dead about seven Years, and the great Duke of *Marlborough*, with WISDOM at his right Hand, and my Mother on his left, was making rapid Conquests upon the Continent, and heaping up those immense Riches and Honours which no General before him ever experienced, or, perhaps, so well deserved.

At this Time my Father and his Son HUMOUR thought proper to come over to *England*; but they kept their Arrival in *London* a Secret, 'till they could bring about a Reconciliation with me; without which, their Appearance in Public might be dangerous, as their known Attachment to VANITY and GENIUS must render them suspected of being Accomplices in the Tricks lately practised upon me. There was another Circumstance, which made my Father's Situation still more critical; he knew, that, at the Beginning of this Reign, her Majesty had put me into the Commission of the Peace; and he apprehended that I might possibly use the Power of a Magistrate to bring him and his Son before me upon Examination. This determined him to write the following Letter.

' Dear Sir,

' I wish my Conduct would justify my saying
' *Dear Son*; but I have long since forfeited all
' paternal Right to the Name of Father, other-

' wise I should now glory in that most honourable
 ' of all human Titles; I confess that I have been
 ' a Dupe to VANITY all my Life long; for
 ' her I have given up Tranquillity of Mind,
 ' and every Thing that is valuable; for her I
 ' have lived in a State of Hostility with WIS-
 ' DOM, TRUTH, COMMON-SENSE and
 ' PRUDENCE; for her, I have often stung
 ' those very Friends, for whom I should have
 ' treasured up my choicest Honey; in short, Sir,
 ' every good Intention of my Heart hath been
 ' perverted by the delusive Tongue of that Basi-
 ' lisk. But Providence has at length opened my
 ' Eyes, and I now see her in her true Garb of
 ' Deformity. This Reformation in me, which her
 ' Ingratitude brought about, happened some
 ' little Time before she employed GENIUS
 ' upon that detestable Errand against you; and I
 ' beg you will do me the Justice to believe, that
 ' both my Son and myself were utter Strangers
 ' to that whole Transaction, 'till we heard it
 ' from the Mouth of publick Fame. My Design
 ' by this Letter is to beg you will forget all past
 ' Offences; you know it is the Duty of a Chris-
 ' tian, to *pardon all those who truly repent*. The
 ' Person who requests it cannot be totally indif-
 ' ferent to you; 'tis a Father asks Forgiveness
 ' of a Son; and tho' this was begun in the Form
 ' of an Epistle, it shall end, as indeed it ought
 ' to do, in the supplicating Stile of a Petition.
 ' And your Petitioner shall ever Pray.'

W I T.

The Perusal of this Letter perplexed me not a
 little: I could not but remember the Treatment
 I had met with on the Coast of *Barbary*; my Im-
 prisonment in *Florence*; and the ridiculous Figure
 I made at *Athens*, after the Performance of his
 Farce called the *Consultation*. But, for all that,
 there was a Stroke towards the End of his Let-
 ter,

ter, which operated so forcibly on my Feelings, that it quashed all Resentment; and when he came upon his Trial, *in Foro Conscientiæ*, Compassion became his Advocate, and pleaded his Cause so delicately, that the Jury acquitted him without going out of Court. PRUDENCE was subpoenaed upon the Trial, but I took Care to keep her out of the Way. In plain English, I did not consult PRUDENCE about the Matter, being well assured that she would have raised so many unanswerable Objections to a Reconciliation with my Father, that I must have sinned against Conviction, by consenting to it; I therefore sent my Father the following Answer, without saying a Word to PRUDENCE upon the Subject.

‘ Sir,

‘ I hope you know your own Heart well
 ‘ enough to be sure that the Professions you make
 ‘ in your Letter are sincere.—Your shaking off
 ‘ the Shackles of VANITY, will be the only
 ‘ Means of reconciling you to your Friends, and
 ‘ your Friends to you.—Nothing can be more
 ‘ agreeable to me than the Certainty of such an
 ‘ Event; upon this Footing, I most cordially
 ‘ forget and forgive all that is past, and I do
 ‘ once again, with the greatest Satisfaction imaginable, subscribe myself,

Your Dutiful Son,

COMMON-SENSE.

P. S. I should be very glad of your Company with your Son to Dinner on *Wednesday* next.

When I had dispatched my Messenger with this Answer, I acquainted PRUDENCE with what I had done—Her Countenance, that Index
 of

of the Mind, before she had uttered a Word, sufficiently declared her Sentiments upon the Point in Question; but if that might deceive, her Language could not; for a Woman's Opinion is never better known, than when she speaks the very Reverse of what she thinks. PRUDENCE was very apt to make use of the ironical Stile—she did so upon this Occasion. ‘ Sir, says she, ‘ I congratulate you on the Happiness of this ‘ new Acquisition—my Sentiments intirely coincide with yours—but methinks it was cruel of ‘ you not to let me be concerned in so honourable ‘ a Negotiation; the Alliance is certainly respectable; the Public will approve the Measure, and applaud your Judgment; and your ‘ Mother and WISDOM will be overjoyed in ‘ this interesting Coalition, which doubtless will ‘ constitute the Cement of Felicity between your ‘ Family and Friends.’ I heard all this and a great deal more, very patiently; and, tho’ I understood her Meaning perfectly well, I chose to take her Words in the literal Sense. ‘ Madam, ‘ says I, it gives me the greatest Pleasure imaginable, to find that this Affair meets with your ‘ Approbation: indeed it was no more than I ‘ expected; but I purposely avoided giving you ‘ any Hint of my Intention till the Completion ‘ of it; well knowing that Joy is doubled when ‘ it comes upon us suddenly and unforeseen.’ Here, bursting out into a Laugh, she cried, ‘ And did you really think I was in earnest?’ ‘ Certainly says I, Madam; but, if I am to read you ‘ backwards, permit me, once for all, to tell you ‘ a Piece of my Mind. I acknowledge that you ‘ are generally right; that your Schemes in Life ‘ are, for the most part, attended with Success; ‘ and it would be very extraordinary if it happened otherwise. Your Plan of Operations is ‘ formed on so narrow a Scale, that the whole ‘ Fabrick lies within the Compass of your own
Ken;

' Ken; and nothing can possibly intervene to
 ' disturb your sober System, but what must be
 ' in your own Power immediately to prevent;
 ' your limited Notions are circumscribed by
 ' Caution; you risque nothing for the Public
 ' Utility that might prejudice your own Charac-
 ' ter; you want the common Feelings of a
 ' Friend; to supply the Wants of others, you
 ' contribute only your Advice, and so sparingly,
 ' that it seldom amounts to more than a caution-
 ' nary Hint against Danger: Were your Prin-
 ' ciples to be adopted by the whole human Spec-
 ' ies, the Business of Life could not be carried
 ' on; there had been no Heroes, Patriots, Pro-
 ' jectors, or Philosophers in the World; the mu-
 ' tual Intercourse of Mankind must have stood
 ' still, for Want of that Confidence which con-
 ' stitutes its Existence: In short, Madam, what-
 ' ever you may think of my Father, (whose
 ' Conduct, by the by, I do not pretend to justify)
 ' he is a useful Member of Community; his
 ' sprightly Conversation soothes the rugged Path
 ' of Life, and reconciles us to that Burthen of
 ' anxious Care we all must bear about us; and I
 ' should imagine, that, if somewhat of your Seve-
 ' rity was exchanged for a certain Portion of his
 ' Levity, you would be both the better for it;
 ' but then the Public would be the worse for it;
 ' you are at present, both perfect Characters;
 ' and, when mixed amongst the Multitude, like
 ' Instruments in a Concert, you serve to strength-
 ' en and harmonize the whole. I should be very
 ' sorry, Madam, to find that what I have said
 ' has given you the least Offence, as it was
 ' meant merely to make you know yourself.'

' Far from it, says she, I acknowledge the
 ' Portrait you have drawn to be a striking Like-
 ' ness of me; and my Behaviour, next *Wednesday*,
 ' will convince you that it does not displease me.
 My

My Father and his Son came to Dinner at the Time appointed, and were exceeding pleasant and entertaining; PRUDENCE too put on her best Looks, and was more than ordinary chearful. After Dinner my Father told me, that he should take it as a Favour if I would accompany him to the Play: His Intention by this, as he owned, was to make it manifest to the Town, that our Reconciliation had taken Place. I readily consented, and we went accordingly. While we were talking over our Family Affairs, between the Acts, my Father said, the great Obstacle to his Happiness still subsisted, and must for ever remain, unless I would use my Interest to get it removed; that upon the Return of my Mother and WISDOM to *London*, which he apprehended would be very soon, he should be obliged to quit this Country; and that Necessity might perhaps force him once more to take Refuge in the Arms of that faithless Woman VANITY. That he could never be put on a respectable Footing with Mankind, which he flattered himself, I wished to see, until the Articles of Separation were cancelled; that, if this could be brought about, he would engage to extricate GENIUS from the Trammels of VANITY, and bring him over to *England*, where he would be no contemptible Acquisition.

Struck with the Reasonableness of this Remonstrance, I promised to solicit the Consent of my Mother and WISDOM to annihilate the Articles of Separation.—When the Play was over, we parted with many Professions of Kindness to each other,

I have before just cursorily mentioned, that I had the Honour to be put into the Commission of the Peace. And an Honour it certainly is, when the Magistrate, dispensing nothing but Justice,

Justice, scorns to turn his Office into a lucrative trading Shop, by committing legal Roberies on the most miserably wretched of all God's Creatures. As I did not participate of the Justiciary Emoluments, so neither was I molested with those shocking Beings, to whose Company my Brethern of the Quorum had not the least Objection. They indeed had brought that Art to Perfection which the Alchymists of Old vainly boasted of; they could extract pure sterling Ore from the very Scum of the Earth, and were become Refiners upon human Misery. Now if two of the fair Sex happened to quarrel over their Cups, and one of them applied to me for Justice; I generally convinced her that she was wrong, and sent her away, without any Diminution of her Property, to make it up with her Neighbour. This Advice was seldom well relished by the Party, who did not come to me to be told she was wrong, but (pardon the Intrusion of a Pun) to be warranted right, and my Office, therefore, very soon came into Disrepute amongst the Vulgar.

A Piece of Justiciary Business, which came before me at this Time, being attended with some uncommon Circumstances, I beg Leave to lay it before the Reader.

It was before my usual Time of rising in the Morning, that my Servant came to inform me there were below, a Constable, two Watchmen, and a Lady whom they had brought in Custody from the round House. I put on my Cloaths and attended them; but before I had well asked the Constable the ordinary Questions upon these Occasions, I was civilly interrupted by the Lady, who begged I would not administer an Oath to these People, because she was very apprehensive that they would perjure themselves; and that she

she should take it as a Favour if I would only receive their simple Testimony against her, to which she would answer fully and satisfactorily.

I complied with her Request, and began with enquiring how she came into their Custody.

1st Watchman. Please your Worship, I was going my first Round last Night, just as the Clock struck Nine; exactly at Nine; for I always mind my Duty. Please your Worship, I have been a Watchman, Man and Boy in this Parish——

Justice. I dont ask you how long you have been a Watchman, but how you came to take Charge of this Lady?

1st Watchman. Yeas, an' please your Worship, and so I was going to tell your Worship; as I was going my Round, this Gentlewoman was coming along, Arm in Arm with a Gentleman, and presently they parted; but, to my thinking, she would fain have had him gone with her; upon which, all that I said in the varshal World, was, that she had better go home and mend her Stockings; upon which she damned me for a Scoundrel; nay, says I, if you cannot keep a good Tongue in your Head, you shall go with me to the Round-House; upon this I was going to lay hold of her; but she whipt out a Bludgeon from under her Petticoats, and knocked me down; then I gave the *He, Ho*, and my Brother Watchman came up.

Justice. What say you to this?

2d Watchman. Yeas, an' please your Worship, its all very true; I found him upon the Ground

Ground sure enough ; and there he might have laid till this Time, if I had not helped him up.

Justice. Did the Lady attempt to make her Escape ?

2d Watchman. No, an' please your Worship, she went quietly along with us, when we had both got fast hold of her ; but, your Worship, she is an old Offender ; it was but on *Wednesday* last that she was making a Riot in the *Strand*, and I had her in Custody, but she slipt from me some how or other.

Lady. Pray what Time on *Wednesday* Night did this happen ?

2d Watchman. About a Quarter before ten o' Clock.

Justice. I am very sorry Madam, to hear a Lady, of your Appearance and Address, charged with such outrageous Behaviour. What have you to say in your own Vindication ?

Lady. Sir, my Story shall be very short, but very clear and explicit : My Father and I were returning from a Visit at nine o'Clock last Night ; my Father was going to his Coffee-house, but was desirous of seeing me home first, which I refused, as I had but a very little Way to go. At that Moment the Watchman, here, came up to me, and bad me go home and mend my Stockings, which provoked me to call him a Scoundrel, but without swearing ; and this he looked upon as an Offence for which he might take me into Custody ; when he made an Assault upon my Person, I resented it, by giving him a Stroke with this very Fan, which he has called a Bludgeon ; but I will leave you to judge whether

ther any Person could be knocked down with such an Instrument. In Answer to the Allegation of the other honest Watchman, I bring my Alibi ; and I shall be under the Necessity of calling upon you Mr. Justice, to prove it. But as I do not chuse to gratify the Curiosity of these People, by letting them know who I am, must beg you to permit me to speak two Words with you in private, which will convince you in a Moment that the Charge brought against me is false and infamous.

I took the Lady immediately into a back Room, when, to my infinite Surprise, upon the Alteration of the Voice, (which had hitherto been feigned to carry on the Deceit) I found it was my facetious Half-Brother HUMOUR. It seems my Father and he went upon this Frolic to visit an intimate Friend, on whom HUMOUR was to pass for a Lady just arrived from *Paris*. I reproved him for his Folly, and then returned to my Office, where I reprimanded the Watchmen very severely for their scandalous Behaviour, and assured them, that, if I had not interceded with the Lady to pardon them, it would have gone hard with them both.

I asked HUMOUR to stay Breakfast, but he excused himself by saying, that he could not think of appearing before PRUDENCE in that Disguise.



C H A P. IV.

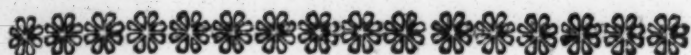
MY Mother and WISDOM, who had been, during the whole Course of the War, Coadjutors to the Duke of *Marlborough*, now saw plainly, that the Expence of carrying it on, lay chiefly upon the *English*, and that the Burthen of it was become too heavy for the Nation to bear any longer. They remonstrated against the Continuance of the War ; but the Duke, for very obvious Reasons, differed in Opinion with them. They left him and returned to *England* : His Grace was soon afterwards removed from his Employments.

Upon the Arrival of my Mother and WISDOM in *London*, my Father pressed me strongly to negotiate the Business of setting aside the Articles of Separation. I did so, and with some Difficulty got their Consent to annul the Articles upon certain Conditions, which were these ; first, That my Father should oblige himself by a Bond under his Hand and Seal, never to appear publicly with VANITY, either in *London*, or any other Part of this Country ; secondly, that he should never write, publish, or declare, any Thing derogatory to the HONOUR and Character of my Mother and WISDOM ; thirdly, that if he should be charged with a Breach of either of these Articles, the Matter in Dispute should be left to my Determination ; fourthly, that, upon Conviction, he should immediately quit the Kingdom, or forfeit five Hundred Pounds.

A Bond

A Bond to this Purpose, was drawn up and executed by my Father, who could not help joyfully observing, that he never saw a Law Instrument that did not contain something superfluous ; for Example, says he, the obliging me to quit the Kingdom, was unnecessary ; the five hundred Pounds Penalty, to a Man that is pennyless, implies Banishment ; for I should certainly prefer Freedom in any Country to Imprisonment in this.

After this Affair was settled, my Father was overjoyed to find himself once more at Liberty ; and I must do him the Justice to say, that he very soon fulfilled his Promise of bringing GEORGE Sover to *England*. The national Benefits, accruing from his great Abilities, soon became apparent, by the Improvements in Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures, which, however, the good Queen *Ann* did not live to see brought to any great Perfection, being now arrived at that Period which, levelling all Distinctions, puts the Princess and the Peasant upon an equal Footing. And I will put a Period to this Chapter, short as it is, before I relate the Transactions of our Family which happened in the Reign of *George* the First.



C H A P. V.

TH O' it has been already said, that my Mother and WISDOM strongly opposed the Continuance of the War, yet, the Reader is not to infer, from thence, that they were of the Tory Party. On the contrary, they supported the Whig Cause with all their Power. As a Proof of it, at the Beginning of this Reign, WISDOM was appointed one of the great Officers of State, and generally made one in his Majesty's private Parties of Recreation. I had likewise the Honour to be nominated of the Privy Council. My Father and HUMOUR might have had Employments in the King's Household, which they modestly declined. I was not displeased at it; for they really had no Talents for Business; and they would only have brought some Disgrace upon the Family by accepting them. My Mother, according to her Custom in former Reigns, never came to Court but upon very extraordinary Occasions.

I hope I shall not be accused of Ostentation, for transcribing the following Verses, which my Father sent me upon the Union of our Family. I own the Compliment to myself is rather strong; but, as a faithful Historian, I think myself obliged to give it to the Reader as I find it.

I.

Of old, when WISDOM chose to wed,
 E're COMMON-SENSE was born,
 Fair TRUTH believ'd in all he said,
 And fix'd the nuptial Morn.

II. But

II.

But Fate, at whose Decrees we guesſ,
 Juſt at the nuptial Hour,
 Sent WIT diſguiſ'd in WISDOM's Dreſs,
 To crop this beauteous Flower.

III.

Thus pair'd, not match'd, 'twas paſt recall,
 Each other view'd with Scorn;
 'Till Fortune made Amends for all,
 When COMMON-SENSE was born.

IV.

By PRUDENCE bred on WISDOM's Plan,
 Beneath TRUTH's watchful Eye;
 'Twould ſink the Dignity of Man,
 If COMMON-SENSE ſhould die.

While I was reading theſe Lines to PRUDENCE, I obſerved her to ſcrew up her Mouth and rub her Eye-brows; the ſure Prognosſtics of future Altercation. She had no Paſſion for reading Books, nor did ſhe think the better of thoſe who were eſtimated learned; her principal Purſuit had been the Art of acquiring all the Comforts of Life, with the leaſt Hazard and Expence; her Knowledge conſiſted chiefly in the well governing a Family; ſhe went conſtantly to Market in all Weathers, and made as hard Bargains as if ſhe had been the Purveyor to a Work-houſe. Upon theſe Occaſions ſhe never took a Servant with her, becauſe ſhe ſaid the Shop-keepers would make her pay more for her Things; but when ſhe had compleated her Cargo, ſhe conſigned it to a Baſket-Woman, whom ſhe never truſted out of her Sight, but made her walk before her Home, and then generally quarrelled with the poor Woman about paying the Freight. She was a great Critick in Weights and Meaſures,

and

and could calculate the Duration of Knife-Cloaths and Table-Linen, better than Sir *Isaac Newton*; she was seldom declamatory, except when she scolded the Servants, or when she gave them Directions; in doing which, like other Declaimers, she repeated the same Thing many Times over, but she never forgot to reserve a saving Clause, by which she might alter her Opinion whenever she pleased. The only Books she kept by her were *Robinson Crusoe*—a Treatise on *Health and long Life*, to which was added, *The Art of Cookery, Pickling, &c.* and *The Holy Bible*. The first of these, she said, would teach you to live without what is called *The Necessaries of Life*; the second would shew you how to enjoy Affluence with Safety; and the last would administer a Spiritual Cordial to the Mind, whenever the Body had lost all Relish for earthly Enjoyments. But with all these rare Qualities, which certainly imply some Degree of Understanding, PRUDENCE had no Sort of Taste for the Liberal Arts: And, what was worst of all, she conversed literally in the Vulgar Tongue, which the Reader will be presently convinced of. When I had finished reading my Father's Paper of Verses, she unskrewed her Mouth and began thus.

Well, Sir, and what are you to give him for this *Pandergerick*, as you call it? I know he is as poor as a Church-Mouse; if you do not pay him well, he will write a *Lamperoon* upon you next, and call you all to Pieces. I have no Notion of being praised by such Fellows; I look upon them all no better than Beggars; they come here now and then in a shabby full-trimmed Coat, that was once black, and an old Tye-Wig not worth Half a Crown; and they swagger about as if they were some-body; but they never go away without borrowing Money of you: I never liked your
Warste-

Verse-making Poet-Men, as you call them: They had better get their Living by some honest Employment, instead of Rhiming to set Folks together by the Ears; if they must be scribbling, why do not they write a *Boem* upon Housewifery, to teach us how to go the nearest way to Work; but they are too extravagant for that, I warrant you; I wonder how he came to bring my Name in Question; I do not rightly understand his Meaning; but, if he has said any Thing scandalous of me, I shall give him as good as he brings, I can assure him; and as for his——

Here, the sudden Appearance of my Father silenced PRUDENCE, and put a Stop to her *Rebromand*, as she would have called it, which I was not sorry for; and yet, the Nature of my Father's Errand to me at this Time, seemed in some Measure to justify what she had been saying of him. He came to desire I would subscribe to an Heroic Poem, which he intended to publish in about six Months from that Time. I very willingly paid the Demand, and asked to see his List of Subscribers. He told me that I was the first Person he had waited upon; being desirous of having the Honour of my Name at the Head of his List, which would be the strongest Inducement to all Men of Taste to become Subscribers. Then, taking out of his Pocket a Sheet of blank Paper, folded in Columns, he very gently presented it to me, and begged I would keep it, and solicit the Subscription amongst my Friends. This was a Business I did not very well like; but as I did not care to disoblige him, I undertook it: I then made bold to enquire how far he had gone with the Work, and what might be the Subject of it? He replied, that as yet it was only in Embryo; that he had not committed his Thoughts to Paper, because he could not absolutely determine, whether to make *Lewis* the Fourteenth,

Fourteenth, *Charles* the Twelfth of *Sweden*, or *Oliver Cromwell*, the Hero of his Poem ; and then he pressed me to make Choice of any one of the three. I told him, that if it was a Matter of such Indifference to him, whom he celebrated ; he might in my Opinion, pitch upon a properer Person than any of the three he had mentioned. That the first was indeed, a munificent Prince, and a great Encourager of the Arts ; but for all the other Actions of his Life, which had Ambition for their Motive, he deserved the Curses rather than the Blessings of his People. The second, supported by the irrational Principles of Predestination, was a Hero upon Stilts ; he thought himself invulnerable 'till his Time was come ; no Wonder therefore that he surpassed all others in Feats of Courage, as much as he fell short of them in Acts of Humanity. The third, with all the great Abilities which are necessary to form a Hero, had too much Hypocrisy and Dissimulation to merit Immortality. What do you think of the Duke of *Marlborough* ? said I. The very Thing, answered my Father ; he shall be the Man. For you must know, it is my Opinion, that every real Hero must be born a Prince, tho' every real Prince is not fortunate enough to have been born a Hero. True said I, and I hope you won't think I flatter you when I say.

Your Muse attends whenever you think fit.
But every Author was not born a Wit.

My Father finished his Poem within the Time fixed by his Proposals, and published it under the Title of *The Campaign*.



C H A P. VI.

UPON the Death of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, which happened about four Years before this Time, VANITY was turned out of Doors; the Regent of *France* would have nothing to say to her: From being the principal Favourite of the greatest Monarch in *Europe*, she was obliged to take up with a subaltern Officer of his Household. It is true, he was a very pretty Fellow, and though his pay was but small, he had all the Advantages of Dress and Equipage to set him off, which he procured by laying certain Court Ladies under Contribution. We were told that he was kept by no less than three Females of the first Rank in *France*; but his Head run on nothing but VANITY, who was not a little enamoured of him, for no other Reason but because he had captivated all the Beauties he came near. The Death of *Lewis* brought this joyful Pair, who had long sighed for each other, together. But their Happiness did not continue long: VANITY insisted upon accompanying him to all publick Places, to make her Triumph over her own Sex the more conspicuous. This very soon created such Hatred and Disgust, in those Ladies who had hitherto supported him in Luxury and Extravagance, that they withdrew their Benefactions. His expensive Way of Living had been rather increased since his Connection with VANITY, and his Income had been reduced to the meer Pay of a subaltern Officer. The Consequences

quences were Debts, Duns, and Distresses. He sold off his Equipage and all his Finery, even to his Cloaths. Thus stript of all personal Ornaments, he made his private Entry into a Jail; where VANITY left her *Narcissus* to contemplate, between bare Walls, on the Misery into which his Self-admiration had plunged him.

VANITY, well pleased with having sufficiently humbled this Man of the Sword, had a strong Inclination to attack a dignified Man of the Gown. The Bishop of ——— was a Person remarkable for his exemplary Piety and Sanctity of Manners; he had passed through Life with a very respectable Character; and was now verging upon the Vale of Years; when he was all at once seized with a violent Desire of becoming a popular Preacher, a Thing, which 'till now he had always most carefully avoided. This Infatuation operated so forcibly on his Mind, that he was ready to hold forth at all Places and upon all public Occasions, even without any Solicitation. VANITY had cast her Eye upon this Prelate, from the Time she quitted the unfortunate Subaltern; and she now thought there was a fair Opportunity to make her Advances. The next Time the Bishop preached, VANITY went to Church, and placed herself in a Pew directly fronting him. As soon as he appeared in the Pulpit, VANITY gave a Crack with her Fan which was heard by the whole Congregation, and noticed by the Bishop with a Look of Severity. But during this whole Discourse, in which Time he frequently had his Eye on VANITY, it was observable that the Muscles of his Face rounding by Degrees into Complacency, formed at length, a Countenance full of Satisfaction and Content, and before he finished his Sermon, he convinced his Auditors that the Lady was by no Means disagreeable to him.

When Church was over, some People who had been spoke to before-hand for that Purpose, requested it of the Bishop that he would print the Sermon. His Lordship answered in his usual Phrase, that *they were too good*; this was an Expression to which he had so habituated himself, that he made use of it upon all Occasions, right or wrong, which often subjected him to the Ridicule of his Acquaintance. As soon as the Sermon was published, the Bishop sent one of them immediately to VANITY, with a handsome Card of Compliments. She was extremely well pleased with the Present, not that the reading of it would afford her any Pleasure, but it furnished her with a fair Excuse for visiting his Lordship to thank him for the Civility, which was all she wanted. The next Day VANITY tricked herself out with all the Art that female Invention is capable of, to allure and captivate the Heart of the poor doating Bishop. He received her, not as a Stranger with common Politeness, but with the Emotions of Rapture. Madam, says he, taking her by the Hand, you are too good in condescending to visit an old Man tottering under Age and Infirmities. May I ask how I came to be honoured—Is it possible, interrupted VANITY, that you should be at a Loss to guess the Cause of my paying my Duty to your Lordship? but now I recollect, perhaps it was left at my House by some Mistake, and not by your Orders; if so, I am not the distinguished happy Creature I thought myself. O, no, no, no Mistake, replied the Bishop, you mean the Sermon: A Bagatel a meer Bagatel. My Lord, cried VANITY, your Lordship may take what Liberties you please with your own; but I would never forgive any other Person that could be base enough to throw out the most distant Hint of Disparagement upon so noble a Production. You are too good, you are too good, Madam,

Madam, replied the Bishop, with Tears in his Eyes. My Lord, says VANITY, you are too modest ; I never was so moved with a Discourse since I came into the World ; my Senses were charmed and my Mind informed at the same Instant ; and then your Delivery ! O your Delivery, 'tis too much to bear : Here she affected to faint away with Extasy, and the old Gentleman staggering up to her, began to chase her Temples, and called for Water ; but she presently recovered, and cried, where am I ? surely I have been in a Paradise, and if I mistake not, (looking stedfastly at the Bishop) this is the Guardian Angel that conducted me there. Madam compose yourself a little, says the Bishop, you are too good, you are too good. Here VANITY paused for a few Minutes, and then making an Apology for the Trouble she had given his Lordship, she offered to depart ; but the Bishop would not suffer her to go out into the Air so soon after her Indisposition, and therefore pressed her to stay and take a Family Dinner with him, which she with much seeming Reluctance, accepted of.

What passed between the Bishop and VANITY, the remaining Part of that Day, is unknown to me ; for my Father's Letter from *Paris*, of which the foregoing Account is a Copy, goes on to say, that VANITY took up her Abode with the Bishop ; and insisted, as she had done before with the Officer, upon appearing with him wherever he went, This gave a Handle to his Enemies, (for every Man has Enemies) to revile his Character, which had been irreproachable for more than Half a Century before. His Friends, indeed pitied him, but they could afford him no Relief. And as they did not foresee, neither could they prevent the fatal Catastrophe which soon succeeded his short lived Pleasure of Imagination.

nation.—VANITY constantly attended the Bishop to Church, and one Sunday, when he was ascending the Pulpit, she had the Audacity to trip up the Stairs after him, where she kept herself concealed, 'till he began his Discourse, and then she became manifest to the whole Congregation ; for as she was every now and then peeping over the good Man's Shoulder, there was not a Person in the Church (the Bishop excepted) who did not observe her ; when the Sermon was over, there was a Buz and a Whisper run thro' all the Congregation ; and, in a few Days, the Affair made such a Noise in the World, that Government thought proper to take it up ; the Consequence of which was, that the Bishop was silenced from preaching, without any Reason being assigned to him for the Prohibition.

This unexpected adverse Stroke of Fortune, happening at a Time when he thought he had attained the utmost Pitch of oratorical Perfection, smote the poor old Man to the Earth ; he withered like a tender Plant, struck by the blasting Breath of the noxious North-East ; he took to his Bed, and found no Consolation but in the Arms of her who had been his Undoing ; VANITY stuck close to him, and influenced him to make a Will in her Favour : He languished many Days without the least Hopes of Recovery ; at length, the melancholy Moment came, that was to separate him for ever, from the World and VANITY ; he fixed his Eyes upon her, regardless of his Friends that stood round him, and, with his last expiring Breath, his faltering Tongue uttered something like—Ma — Madam, you—are — too good. And died.

His Family and Relations were very much affected, both with the Cause and Manner of his dying. And being desirous that Mankind might derive

derive some Good from his unhappy Example, they were determined that VANITY should have no Hand in his Funeral. They buried him as privately as possible, and put upon his Grave a plain Stone, on which were written these Words,

| Humanum est Errare. |

In the Postscript of my Father's French Letter, I find that VANITY was highly pleased with this last Exploit; and that by giving a Loose to her natural Inclinations, she had made such rapid Conquests all over *Europe*, that from the Time of *Lewis* the Fourteenth's Death, to this present 1726, she had been entertained by more than three Hundred different Persons, who were all grievous Sufferers by her, except one. This was a despairing melancholy Lunatick; he indeed had the good Fortune, by her Magick Art, to be converted into an imaginary Straw-crowned Monarch.



C H A P. VII.

IT has been hinted before, that GENIUS had made great Improvements in all the Arts and Sciences; and that he had projected many Schemes, which, in the End, proved very beneficial to the *English* Nation: But then, like many other Projectors who have laid an excellent Foundation for the Publick Good, he was generally

rally ruined before he could complete the Super-structure ; and those who came after him reaped the Fruits of his Invention.

The severe Treatment which GENIUS often met with from Mankind, will scarcely be credited by those who were not Witnesses of the real Facts ; the World, not satisfied with robbing him of that Fame and those Emoluments to which he was justly entitled, did frequently charge him with being the Author of many stupid Productions that he knew nothing at all of : The *South-Sea Bubble*, which happened a few Years ago, was at first fathered upon GENIUS ; and tho' it was afterwards well known to have been the wicked Contrivance of certain City-Scriveners, who had *profound Skill in Vulgar Arithmetic*, yet when such Pains had been taken to fix the Stigma upon a Man's Character, it was no very easy Matter to wipe it off.

The Infinity of Plays, Poems, Pamphlets and Essays that were charged to his Account, was enough to provoke a Person of his nice Taste and Imagination ; but then on the other Hand, GENIUS was, occasionally, apt to be very provoking ; in all Matters where Form and Punctilio were necessary to be observed, or (to speak in the modern Phrase, tho' perhaps, more unintelligibly) in the *Etiquette* of a Ceremonial, he was quite horrid ; Decorum, and what is called the Pink of Politeness, were his Bane ; and the *Bon Ton* gave him the Heart-burn ; he seldom made his Appearance in publick Places without HUMOUR at his Heels ; they were as constantly seen together as *Castor* and *Pollux* ; and whatever One said, the Other generally approved ; he never distinguished or caressed Mankind according to the Rank they bore in Life, but according to their natural or acquired Talents ; I
have

have known him more than once, in a great Assembly, repeat a *Bon Mot* to a Dutcheſs; and after ſhe had expreſſed her Approbation of it, tell her, he was very glad ſhe liked it; that he could aſſure her Grace it was *tout nouveau*; for he had it but juſt before, from one of the honeſt *Iriſh* Chairmen that carried him there. This Method of artfully extracting the Plaudit of a Dutcheſs to the *Bon Mot* of a Chairman, could not fail giving Offence; but GENIUS was too much taken up with the Sentiment itſelf, to obſerve that the courteous Smile it had raiſed upon the Countenance of her Grace, was now changed to a Frown of Contempt, ſince the plebeian Author was known: In Things of this Kind, it muſt be confeſſed, that GENIUS did not feel like a Perſon of Faſhion: And yet when his Reputation was attacked, or his Name uſurped by falſe Pretenders to Parts and Abilities, no Man felt quicker, or reſented it ſooner; but his Indignation was often raiſed beyond all Patience, when he ſaw his Title profaned by thoſe dexterous Conveyancers, who know juſt enough of the Law to avoid the Punishment they deſerve. Thoſe Maſters of Arts who have found out the Secret of centering the Emoluments and Advantages of all the other Arts in one—The Art of transferring every Man's Property they meet with, into their own Funds, without being Purchaſers; thoſe civil well-bred Gentlemen who are admitted into the Society of the *very firſt People*; to many of whom, it is feared, they have communicated their fatal Secret, after ſtripping them of all they had in the World.

THEſE were neither Highwaymen, Houſe-breakers, nor Street-robbers; but an Animal more pernicious than any of the three; they were Gameſters.

rally ruined before he could complete the Superstructure ; and those who came after him reaped the Fruits of his Invention.

The severe Treatment which GENIUS often met with from Mankind, will scarcely be credited by those who were not Witnesses of the real Facts ; the World, not satisfied with robbing him of that Fame and those Emoluments to which he was justly entitled, did frequently charge him with being the Author of many stupid Productions that he knew nothing at all of : The *South-Sea Bubble*, which happened a few Years ago, was at first fathered upon GENIUS ; and tho' it was afterwards well known to have been the wicked Contrivance of certain City-Scriveners, who had *profound Skill in Vulgar Arithmetic*, yet when such Pains had been taken to fix the Stigma upon a Man's Character, it was no very easy Matter to wipe it off.

The Infinity of Plays, Poems, Pamphlets and Essays that were charged to his Account, was enough to provoke a Person of his nice Taste and Imagination ; but then on the other Hand, GENIUS was, occasionally, apt to be very provoking ; in all Matters where Form and Punctilio were necessary to be observed, or (to speak in the modern Phrase, tho' perhaps, more unintelligibly) in the *Etiquette* of a Ceremonial, he was quite horrid ; Decorum, and what is called the Pink of Politeness, were his Bane ; and the *Bon Ton* gave him the Heart-burn ; he seldom made his Appearance in publick Places without HUMOUR at his Heels ; they were as constantly seen together as *Castor* and *Pollux* ; and whatever One said, the Other generally approved ; he never distinguished or caressed Mankind according to the Rank they bore in Life, but according to their natural or acquired Talents ; I have

have known him more than once, in a great Assembly, repeat a *Bon Mot* to a Dutcheſs; and after ſhe had expreſſed her Approbation of it, tell her, he was very glad ſhe liked it; that he could aſſure her Grace it was *tout nouveau*; for he had it but juſt before, from one of the honeſt *Iriſh* Chairmen that carried him there. This Method of artfully extracting the Plaudit of a Dutcheſs to the *Bon Mot* of a Chairman, could not fail giving Offence; but GENIUS was too much taken up with the Sentiment itſelf, to obſerve that the courteous Smile it had raiſed upon the Countenance of her Grace, was now changed to a Frown of Contempt, ſince the plebeian Author was known: In Things of this Kind, it muſt be confeſſed, that GENIUS did not feel like a Perſon of Faſhion: And yet when his Reputation was attacked, or his Name uſurped by falſe Pretenders to Parts and Abilities, no Man felt quicker, or reſented it ſooner; but his Indignation was often raiſed beyond all Patience, when he ſaw his Title profaned by thoſe dexterous Conveyancers, who know juſt enough of the Law to avoid the Punishment they deſerve. Thoſe Maſters of Arts who have found out the Secret of centering the Emoluments and Advantages of all the other Arts in one—The Art of transferring every Man's Property they meet with, into their own Funds, without being Purchaſers; thoſe civil well-bred Gentlemen who are admitted into the Society of the *very firſt People*; to many of whom, it is feared, they have communicated their fatal Secret, after ſtripping them of all they had in the World.

Theſe were neither Highwaymen, Houſe-breakers, nor Street-robbers; but an Animal more pernicious than any of the three; they were Gameſters.

(130)

In this Year *George* the First took his final Leave of the World; and I will now take my Leave of the Reader, at least for the present; if he wishes to know any Thing more of our Family, he may possibly find it, in a second Volume, this Time Twelvemonth.

F I N I S.



PR